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The Only Paper that Dares to Tell You All The Truth

The following is specially addressed to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Bishop of London, and other dignitaries of the Church. With all due respect we ask them to read it, and as we have not yet seen any opinion published from them on the subject which must surely concern them deeply, we invite them to express their opinions in the SATURDAY REVIEW.

THE WAR ON RELIGION

A Five Year Plan has been organised by the Union of Militant Godless in Russia to "release the working masses from religious prejudices." During 1935 the Union aims at enrolling 13,000,000 members, and by 1937 it has estimated for 22,000,000 members.

"SEMINARIES in Moscow, and elsewhere, are training groups of men with a view to sending them out into other countries, and reports to hand from the Dominions, the United States and many other countries show how effectively this is being done.

"ANOTHER disturbing factor is that sixty powerful Soviet radio stations are spreading their propaganda over the entire world.

"THE Soviet Union under a workers' and peasants' government is the only country in the world where religion and the churches are being combatted with the active co-operation of the Government."—"The Church and the Workers," by Bennett Stevens.

AND the following is an extract from "Religion in the U.S.S.R." by the President of the Union of the Militant Godless in Russia. It shows the intensity with which the anti-God campaign is being waged:

"AN anti-religious centre must be created to assist the Communist Parties of all countries to guide this constantly growing movement against religion and the clergy, because this is a part of the class struggle and as such is not only meritable, but an essential part of the struggle against the Capitalist world—part of the struggle for Communism.

AN official Moscow pamphlet says: "Religion is the bitter enemy of the world revolutionary movement The clergy of all countries are helping the capitalists in their warfare against the workers and peasants, and actively participating in the preparation of new wars by the imperialists and in the organisation of attack on socialism."

Max Epstein, Vice-Commissar for Education, has ordered every school throughout the Soviet to intensify "anti-religious education."

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Notes of the Week

Always Red, White and Blue

The *Saturday Review* is edited by a woman. And when she wrote the editorial note at the end of Kim's article last week—chaffing the Home Secretary for the ridiculous suggestion to make it illegal for anyone to wear a black shirt—she did not wish to give the impression that she had joined the Fascists, but only to maintain her perfect independence and right to wear a black shirt at any time she wished, if she wished. Red, White and Blue are her colours and she has no intention of changing them.

**

The Danger Spot of Europe

The Saar continues to be a powder magazine that may explode at any minute. Each day there are reports of disturbances which owing to the presence of international troops might lead this country into a war for which it is totally unprepared. Was it for this that our soldiers were deprived of their home Christmas and marched through streets crowded with people who greeted them with sullen silence? Everyone knows that Tommy Atkins makes himself popular wherever he goes, but there is not the smallest reason for using his powers of tact and diplomacy on behalf of the League of Nations. Soldiers are not policemen, least of all international policemen, and there is no excuse for leaving our men as hostages in the danger spot of Europe to save the face of our "National" Government.

**

A Gift to Fishermen

Lady Houston is making a New Year's present of £1,000 to the herring fishermen out of work.

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The New Year's Outlook

We are all optimists at the beginning of the year. Undoubtedly markets are improving and the world is definitely expanding. Our own staple

industries, like iron and steel, shipbuilding, coal, railways and building are all on the up grade. So far, so good. On the other hand, the dead weight of unemployment is at a high figure. Lord Snowden says with truth that the present volume of unemployed labour involves a loss of 400 millions sterling per annum, a stupendous handicap on prosperity. It is also a fertile breeding-ground for discontent and Communism. If the Government had done its job properly the unemployed figures could have been reduced to almost nothing. They could still, but it is impossible to visualise any strong national policy when we have the pull-devil-pull-baker variety of Ministers.

**

"Back to the Land"

The real necessity to bring genuine prosperity is the immediate reconstruction of two aspects of our national life. First and foremost is a new "back to the land" policy. Mr. Lloyd George is about to go on the stump on such a policy, and he can speak to-day on the agricultural problem with the knowledge of a very amateur farmer himself. The fact is that the Government has done nothing practical to give stability to the home producer by affording him any real protection, whether in cereals, in stock-keeping, or in poultry farming. The British farmer, weighed down with Government restrictions and responsibilities, which the foreigner escapes, is entirely at a disadvantage. A vast scheme of co-operative production, and with it a national marketing scheme, would send millions back to the land, save a large part of the 300 millions sterling we send abroad annually for market produce, and give us again a stalwart race of yeomen. And why not? Because Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Runciman are Free Traders.

**

This Year of Peril

In Japan 1935 is called the "Year of Peril," and her official denunciation of the Washington Treaty has been accompanied by a statement which shows that she is determined to take no

chances. She has resolved to obtain and maintain her national security by having adequate means to defend and ensure it—assuredly the only safe way. Much to the point in this connection are some remarks of Dr. Heaslett, Bishop in South Tokyo, published in Tuesday's *Morning Post*: "I can safely affirm (he says) that the Japanese people want peace, and, though Japan is unwilling to go to war with any nation, yet she will make war, if driven to extremities, to procure safety for her nationals. The people are behind the Government in their Manchuria policy."

American Manoeuvres

It was tactless, to say the least, for America to announce her plans for this year's Naval manoeuvres on the day that the Japanese denunciation of the Washington Treaty was received. The manoeuvres are to take place in the North Pacific, closer to Japan than they have ever been held before, and on a scale that is truly impressive. Over 440 naval aeroplanes are taking part, together with some 177 warships of all descriptions.

The Japanese reaction to this display of force so close to their shores can easily be imagined. The two countries are on the verge of a building race, in which Great Britain would be necessarily involved. It needs but a few sparks of this character to fire the Japanese feeling of insecurity and start them off on a vast scale of rearmament.

Jellicoe for Justice

That splendid patriot, Lord Jellicoe, has been telling the Americans about the British Navy, and has been talking sound business of a type to appeal to a business-like people. There is neither swashbuckling nor vainglorious boasting. The admission is made that in 1914 nearly half the merchant tonnage of the world belonged to us and that now our share has sunk to a little over a quarter and is still decreasing. In the event of war, what is left must be protected by the Navy. That is not, surely, an extravagant claim.

Yet the purblind advocates of total disarmament seek to take away that protection.

Britain Must Have Sea Power

Lord Jellicoe merely makes it clear that the Royal Navy is our insurance and not really a costly one, for it works out at only about two per cent. of the value of the overseas trade of the Empire. And there is one other point. "Great Britain depends on her power of blockade," says the Admiral. "If we are restricted only to effectual war on land, then Britain's power to stand up either for her own rights or for the defence of the weak will be a thing of the past." Wise words.

Protect Our Merchant Shipping

The other necessity is to protect our merchant shipping. It is an irrefutable axiom that our island race cannot be wealthy or great or safe unless we are powerful at sea. The Merchant Service has been through the ages the nursery of the Navy. Before the last war our merchant shipping was over 50 per cent. of the world's shipping; to-day it is but 27 per cent., and is slowly but surely slipping down. The most modern and efficient tramp steamers to-day are not British, but are American, German, Italian, Dutch and Scandinavian. The reasons are obvious. The American Government has assisted their shipowners by advancing any amount of money. Other countries have given large subsidies, and they give preference to cargoes carried in their own ships. The British tramp steamer of some 2,000 tons has nearly ceased to exist because the small shipowner cannot compete with subsidised foreign shipping. Here, again, Free Trade in shipping wants to be scrapped, and subsidies given on a big scale.

Russia's Claws

Our pacifists are never tired of proclaiming the immaculate behaviour of Soviet Russia and particularly the Bolshevik's dove-like desire for peace. The account of a recent mammoth demonstration in Moscow is therefore instructive.

"Volunteers with fixed bayonets, aviation students, snipers flaunting riddled targets, naval reservists . . . very small children diligently pedalling armoured cars . . . It was impossible not to ignore the implications of so emphatically martial a parade."

The denial that religion is persecuted or ridiculed in Russia or that blasphemy is rife is discounted by the revelation that favourite targets in public shooting galleries in Russia just now are effigies of mitred bishops. An edifying detail.

Tribute to a Cardinal

The late Cardinal Bourne was a great Englishman and a great cardinal. Loyalty to the Vatican and to his Church did not prevent him being a patriot and a firm constitutionalist. Without mingling with politics, he none the less did not hesitate to denounce those who seek to plunge the country into Communistic chaos. With the whole weight of his authority he attacked the organisers of the general strike of 1926, "for which" he declared, "there is no moral justification. It inflicts without adequate reason, immense discomfort and injury on millions of our fellow-countrymen. It is therefore, a sin against the obedience we owe to God."

It would be well if the dignitaries of the Established Church could follow that fine and courageous example and openly fight against sub-

versive and godless tendencies instead of, in most cases, either doing nothing at all or openly encouraging them.

* *

Unemployment Unsolved

The "National" Government, which has been showing such pride in what it is alleged to have done in the matter of reduction of unemployment that it has indulged in some official trumpet blowing, can reap but little satisfaction from last week's figures.

It is true that in the last year unemployment has fallen by 138,264, which, considering the length of the period does not amount to very much. But in the corresponding period of 1933 it fell by 500,000. Obviously there is a hitch somewhere. The cause of it is the Government's disinclination to put in hand any tangible remedy or, indeed, to do anything but sit still and hope for the best.

* *

Socialist Ineptitude

At the same time, the Socialist outlook on the situation is characteristically inconsistent and malignant. It is, as always, to the effect that when Socialism is not in office any calamity is due to that fact and that fact alone, but that when the Government is Socialist anything in the garden that is obviously not lovely is due to international slump, world-wide depression and the rest of it.

The Socialists, having brought the country in 1931 to probably the most serious crisis in its history, still asserts that the rest of the universe was responsible. That crisis was due to Socialist ineptitude and to the economic uneasiness which is the inevitable accompaniment of a policy of mass-bribery—and to these factors alone.

If the Socialists are returned to power at the next election, they will do precisely the same thing. And recovery from their mischief will be much slower and more difficult, and may even be impossible.

* *

Is it Peace?

It is significant of the real state of Europe that when anyone is asked this question, he immediately thinks of Germany and not of some other "probable," though other probables there are. With the opening of the New Year, Herr Hitler and some of his lieutenants have made pronouncements of a pacific character, and the hope is even expressed of reconciliation with France. But there is an edge to all this sort of thing, for it is plain that Germany plans new moves in her foreign policy. As Goebbels, the Propaganda Minister of the Third Reich, puts it: "The stability of internal conditions enables us to pursue foreign policy to an extent which promises us rich things in the near future." The truth, of course, is that her rearmament has given Germany a tremendous

diplomatic lever—which she will use as occasion offers.

* *

Bevin's Queer Logic

Mr. Ernest Bevin, general secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union, holds the odd idea that a large-scale strike is a normal and sensible method of industrial progress and that those who abstain from thus injuring the community should be suitably rewarded. Which is rather like giving a pound to a burglar because he has been kind enough not to commit a burglary.

"If all we have so far secured" blathers Mr. Bevin, "had been won as the result of a strike, we should have created such a shock for the employers that we might without difficulty have had a more general observation. Are we not therefore, entitled to make a far greater claim on all concerned?"

* *

The "Atlantique" Appeal

The Paris Court of Appeal dismissed the underwriter's appeal against the verdict ordering them to pay insurance on the ill-fated *Atlantique*. This means that the underwriters will have to pay up some £2,500,000, when interest and all the expenses of the litigation are included. Of this total, about 80 per cent. will fall on Lloyds.

The decision has caused no surprise among the marine underwriters, since the question was made largely political. Although an English yard had tendered for the repair of the *Atlantique*, the owners pointed out that it would mean English ship repairers and English workmen benefiting at the expense of French competitors. Incidentally, no French yard tendered for the repairs. The effect on Lloyds is not likely to be very great. It may mean that it will be difficult to place large insurances on French liners for some little time, but economic pressure of business will soon bring the market back to normal.

* *

Government Gush

It would be interesting and perhaps informative in a special sense to know just how it came about that the hack Government Press, big and little, on Saturday, Sunday and Monday last, was so extraordinarily confident that France and Italy had reached a perfectly marvellous Agreement—with the help, of course, of our wonderful Government, in whose praise columns of gush were printed. But, strange to say, there were reports of a hitch on Monday evening, and on Tuesday morning the Socialist organ very unkindly, *more suo*, roundly declared that "official circles" had been fooled, and that no hitch had occurred for the simple but sufficient reason that nothing approaching an agreement had ever been within sight.

YRABBU CLUB
NOTIFIED

The Prime Minister's Friends

By Kim

A FEW weeks ago a man named Serge Kirov, Stalin's chief lieutenant in Leningrad, and who from all accounts was as blood-thirsty and ruthless as his master, was "bumped off." Last week-end his assassin, Nikolaef, with thirteen young Communists, were "shot-up" by Moscow's special shooting squad. It has been described by the Stalin gang as a terrorist counter-revolutionary plot. The Kremlin Dictator has routed out everyone on whom he can lay his hands, exterminated them without mercy, to the extent of 131 Russians, and there may be more yet.

To our Western minds this may seem a pretty big harvest for the retaliation of one gangster paid out doubtless in his own coin, but, as one of the Soviet chiefs admitted, they do not act on the old principle of an eye for an eye or a tooth for a tooth. Given half a chance, they make a holocaust of the business, and rope in anyone who can directly or indirectly be accused of complicity. As every trial held was in secret, and as the verdict was invariably a foregone conclusion, like the farcical trials during the French Revolution, there is no one among the prisoners able to say anything about it. Dead men tell no tales.

The Worm Turns

The Socialist Party in Great Britain cannot lay the flattering unction to their souls that they have checked the savage blood-bath of Stalin, but I am afraid it must be said that they were really goaded into passing a resolution some days ago on the subject of these mass executions. The T.U.C. and the National Executive of the Labour Party say they are "profoundly shocked and alarmed" by the "reprisals" in the form of "widespread summary executions." They are of opinion that all persons under arrest should be afforded full facilities for proper legal defence in a public trial. Whatever Stalin may have thought of the British Socialist Party's resolution, he replied through the Moscow Radio Station that his friends here did not perhaps quite understand the problem. Stalin has not taken the trouble to make it difficult to understand him.

But as a political Party hoping to form a Government some time this year of grace, they do not want another Zinovieff *débâcle* drawn across the track, as happened once before. They did not feel that it was likely to be good electioneering if it could be said of them—as the *Saturday Review* has said—that there they are snarling and barking when Communists are prosecuted and sentenced to death in places like the Balkans, but when Russia is in the picture they "sit mum." It will not do, if the anti-Socialists come along and ask if trial without jury, wholesale arrest, and "liquidating" those who are their political opponents are to be part and parcel of the Socialist creed. Nor would such a question be beside the point. Sir

Stafford Cripps, the real leader of the Socialist Party, is all for blood and thunder, the use of force, and the utter destruction of all capitalist civilisation. The only alternative to the capitalist system is a Soviet Government, and we have before our eyes a Soviet Government in Russia to see what it means. It is based on the most brutal despotism, on savage arrests, on faked trials, and on immediate slaughter at the hands of a crack shooting squad. It is gangsterdom run riot.

The Conservative Party ought to organise a vast campaign to teach the public and especially the Socialist public, what they are offered by Sir Stafford Cripps and all the other comrades if they vote Socialist. It will mean first of all the collapse of the Capitalist regime, unemployment on a scale which can never be met, *ruin and starvation*. Such is the course of this fell disease which never varies. It is then followed by the uprising of an absolute tyrant who seizes power in the name of Democracy, who sets to work to crush the public, and though the mob may dwell in a crowded corner of a Park Lane palace they will starve, for there will be no food, no work, and money will be valueless.

Condoned or Condemned?

If Mr. Baldwin had issued a New Year message that told the truth as plainly as this he would have done some good. But who bothers about generalisations like "Dictatorship" and "revolutionary Socialism?" They are up to the present thank God mere words in England, bare skeletons of the reality of the real peril. But what of the Prime Minister? Why does he not put himself right with the British Public about his Russian proclivities? He, the man dependent entirely on the Conservative voter for his job to-day, preserves a Sphinx-like silence on this subject. Does he approve of these pitiless mass murders? Is he a supporter of a régime that shoots down 131 men (some accounts give 2,000) for one assassination, all condemned by secret trial? And thousands more sent to freeze to death in the wilds of Siberia?

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is responsible for the recognition of the Soviet murderers. He, in 1929, said that diplomatic relations should be established with Russia by "hook or by crook," and he gave the Russians credit in our markets for millions of pounds at the expense of the British taxpayer.

Conservatives cannot expect to fight the blood-thirsty tyranny of Soviet gangsterdom when the first question a British voter will ask is, "How about your Mr. Ramsay MacDonald who called on Britain to follow Russia?" The continuance of the Russian Soviet Government is the greatest menace to civilisation. The harm it has done in the world is incalculable. And yet, Mr. Baldwin who knows all this is willing to serve under Russia's greatest friend and admirer.

Caller Herrin'

By
LADY HOUSTON,
D.B.E.



(On June 28th, 1934, Lady Houston sent the following telegram to Sir Murdoch Mackenzie Wood in the House of Commons: "Lady Houston sympathises greatly with the difficulties of the British Herring Trade Association and suggests that arrangements should be made for the Army, Navy and Air Force to be supplied with fresh herrings one day a week, than which, when absolutely fresh, there is no more delicious food. Lady Houston would be glad to give any practical help." A fortnight later the *Aberdeen Press Journal* published a letter from her on the same subject, which was reproduced in the

Saturday Review and is reprinted below. At last, after six months, the Government has condescended to turn its attention to the tragedy of our fishermen and has appointed a Herring Board, which is likely to arrive at its conclusions too late for the next fishing season. Herrings must be *fresh* daily and never, never, put on ice, which kills their flavour and decreases their nourishing properties).

COMPARE the swift immediate response of the Prime Minister to Russia's demand for £100,000 for that fraudulent thing called the Codex-Sinaiticus, with the Government's cruel cat-and-mouse methods towards the herring fishermen. First of all they could do nothing. Then after a great deal of pressure they said they would consider what could be done. For weeks they have tormented and played with these poor men with false hopes, and nothing has been done. And now that everyone is going away on holiday, they hope

the misery of these poor fishermen will be forgotten.

But should we not feel **ASHAMED OF OURSELVES** to read that the welfare of British herring fishermen depends on Russia and Germany! Are the people of England and Scotland so heartless and so utterly apathetic as all this? I do not believe it. The prosperity of British fishermen is our affair. The people of England and Scotland must see to this for their honour's sake and

give a standing order to their fishmonger to be supplied with fresh herring one day every week and whenever there is a glut. And not only will their "little Mary" profit, but our

fishermen will be independent of Russia and Germany and we shall know that we are doing our duty towards our neighbour and helping our own kith and kin.

Lady Houston's New Year gift to the herring fishermen is announced on page two.

Britain's Wasted Wealth

By Sir James Crichton-Browne

THE Government has decided to appoint a Herring Board, which will, it is to be hoped, reorganise the herring industry and devise measures calculated to arrest the ruinous decline with which it is now threatened.

Prompt attention will no doubt be given to the reopening, as far as practicable, of those foreign markets which formerly absorbed three-fourths of our herring harvest and are now closed to it; to the cheap and rapid distribution of our herring catches throughout the country; to some readjustment of the prices paid to the producer and by the consumer in the herring trade; to improved construction of our herring drifters and accommodation for our herring fleets.

All these measures will, no doubt, be eminently helpful. But beyond them there is need for the awakening of all classes of our people to the dietetic value of that plebeian fish.

Having regard to the nutrition of our people—which, notwithstanding all official reassurances, is far short of what it ought to be, and which Sir Gowland Hopkins, president of the Royal Society and discoverer of the vitamins, has said recently is the outstanding question of the hour and of even more importance than housing—one reads with some indignation of the dumping in the sea of hundreds of crans of "bonnie fish and halesome farin'," or of their conversion into manure.

Meanwhile hundreds of drifters that should be replenishing our supplies are, during the season, laid up in our harbours, with the consequent unemployment of thousands of workers.

First Among Fish

In total food value as measured by calories or heat-generating power the herring, fresh or cured, is, in proportion to weight, easily first among fish. In protein content it holds an honoured place, and as regards fat it is surpassed only by the salmon, the mackerel, the sprat and the eel.

"An average herring," says Dr. Robert Hutchison, "contains about 15 grammes (nearly half an ounce) of edible protein, and from 5 to 10 grammes of fat." The despised bloater offers, for a given sum of money, the largest amount of any kind of animal food.

Two salt herrings contain about as much protein as need enter into the dietary of an ordinary working man. Whoever has seen those bands of Aberdeen lasses who come to Yarmouth and Lowestoft with the herrings in the autumn must admit that the herring diet, on which they largely

subsist, is capable of producing fine specimens of robust and blooming womanhood.

But it is the fat it contains that makes the herring especially valuable as a food and source of energy. The value of fat as a source of energy and a protein saver has been long recognised. But it is only recently that the action of certain fats in promoting growth and preventing disease has been brought to light, and shown to be due to the presence in them of fat soluble vitamins A and D, which, although present in extremely small quantities, are essential to health.

The richest source of the fat soluble vitamins known so far is an oil extracted from the liver of the halibut. Next to that is cod-liver oil, and then comes the oil of the herring, in which these vitamins derived from the diatoms and minute floating green plants of the sea, on which it feeds, are contained in high concentration.

A good plump herring furnishes a supply of oil that is equal to about a teaspoonful of cod-liver oil. The regular consumption of herring as food, especially by the young, may therefore ward off rickets or cure it, and while promoting growth prove remedial to the various kinds of debility in which cod-liver oil has been found so eminently useful.

Larder of the Sea

Happily these vitamins A and D, endowed with such valuable properties, enshrined in the fat of the herring, exist in superabundance in the larder of the deep all round our coasts. Hitherto we have, for our own use, drawn upon that larder sparingly.

In the year before the war the herring catch for the United Kingdom amounted to 609,000 tons, valued at four and a half million pounds. But of this catch only 25 per cent. was consumed in the home market, seventy-five per cent. being sent to Russia and Germany. But, however largely we may draw on our herring larder, we need have no fear of exhausting it.

Sir Arthur Samuel, who has written a learned and interesting history of the herring, calculated that he has eaten 161 herrings per annum, chiefly in the form of bloater, for 30 years, so that he has, in all, disposed of 5,000 herrings. But if every man, woman and child in the kingdom ate twice as many herrings as Sir Arthur, that would make no appreciable impression on the shoals that visit our coasts.

A good sized shoal measures seven or eight miles

in length, and three or four miles in breadth, and is not less than twenty feet deep. The herrings in the shoal, although not overcrowded, are in close formation. Roughly estimating that every cubic foot of water contains one fish, Professor D'Arcy Thompson concludes that there are 10,000,000,000 fish in an average shoal.

But the shoals are multitudinous and approach our shores on all sides at different seasons of the year. They are at Stornoway in January and February; at the Shetlands in May and June; all along the east coast from Wick to Yarmouth from July to November; and after that find their way to Folkestone and Hastings.

Everywhere their arrival is hailed with rejoicings. In the Isle of Man, Sir Hall Caine has told us, it was formerly the custom for a bishop to hold a service on the shore invoking a blessing on the herring fleet. "Restore and continue to us," he prayed, "the harvest of the sea"; and then, "up they came silver white in the moonlight, a solid block of fish, a luminous patch floating across the line of the nets."

There is no fish entitled better to popularity than the herring. It appeals to the palate in many

different forms, as fresh herring, salt herring, red herring, pickled herring, baconed herring, bloater, and kipper. And in every form it is nourishing and wholesome and offers itself to varied culinary treatment.

Mr. John Burns once expressed the pious wish that every working man could have a kipper as a relish to his tea. There is no reason why he should not have that, and a couple of bloaters to his breakfast, when our herring fisheries and trade are properly fostered, protected, and exploited.

Although we have by no means as yet availed ourselves as fully as we might have done of our herring girdle, we have been much beholden to it for our food, and in other ways. It has helped to build up our Empire, for to it we have owed a large number of the hardy seamen who have enabled us to rule the waves. Our first herring-fishing folk came probably from the Frisian coast, and settled in the small bays and harbours on our eastern seaboard.

The resuscitation of our herring industry is a matter of urgency alike on patriotic, economic, and hygienic grounds.

[Reprinted by courtesy of the "Daily Mail"]

NOW THE NEW YEAR

By Hamadryad

Now the New Year reviving old desires,
The motorist to higher speeds aspires;
Insures himself against third party risks,
Buys a fresh licence and renews his tyres.

But ah! how slow the creeping traffic flows,
Where Hor and Bel their warning signs disclose,
And many a Beacon blossoms by the way,
To what high purpose only Allah knows.

And many a reveller through the Temple door
Beholds more moons than e'er he saw before,
And strikes—in vain! The glass-blower's pipe
has poured
Millions of bubbles like them and will pour.

Now they who travail in the Street of Ink
Fist-bang the counter till the wine cups clink,
From Shaitan-brew make vow to be divorced,
And wed the Angel of the Darker Drink.

That in no tale of all that they unfold
Shall Fiction's dross alloy the virgin gold
Of Truth, nor they, with Editorial "WE,"
Profess a single faith they do not hold;

Save when their Lord, constrained abroad to roam,
For the applause that none concede at home,
Bids them do homage at the throne of Hit
Who dwells in Peace's spiritual home

And David's lips are locked, though not for long,
Who by his own account is going strong,
And soon will grasp the Lion by the tail,
And lead him from the Wilderness along.

For by no other means will come to pass,
By lizard Herb or Stafford, that wild ass,
The new Millennium that Farmer George
Has up his Sleeve, or haply thinks he has.

Myself when young did think that Sticktight Stan
Might lead the Tory Party like a man,
But when I questioned the prophetic stars,
The only answer was "He also ran."

Aye, and will run, while Funk and Scuttle pull
O'er Tory eyes the self-complacent wool;
Till Honour, rising like the April sun,
Discards the Ram and rides upon the Bull.

Ah! could some Bard with livelier pen than mine
All Politicians to the Pit consign,
Bid the wild rose to blossom in Whitehall,
And in St. Stephen's plant the fruitful vine,

How soon would come the new Apocalypse,
Sans Work, sans Dole, sans Poverty, sans Cripps;
No killjoy laws, no Beacons that Forbid,
The cup of Freedom dashed from no man's lips.

But see, the Cheek of Dawn is stained with red;
And Night the Potman nods a drowsy head.
Closed is the Caravanserai of Dreams;
The Jar of Talk is empty. Let's to bed,

The Old Year and the New

A Conversation

By the Saturday Reviewer

WHERE the meridian is cut into the pavement outside the Observatory these two met at midnight by Greenwich meantime. Some revelling sailors sauntering past took them for an old man and a child; but they were not really mortals at all. They were spirits, one the departing shade of 1934, in the semblance of a worn-out broken-down old fellow, and the other, the bright aspiring radiant, innocent child, for so it seemed, was 1935.

They spoke together for a little space as they met and before they passed under the old buildings in the cloudy shadows of the night. "Wish me joy," said the youth. "No harm in wishing," said the old man.

"I have everything before me," said the one, "and I everything behind me," said the other, "which makes the difference between joy and sorrow—and between wisdom and folly."

"Then you call me a fool," said the child, and his laughter rang out like a chime of bells at midnight.

"You are a fool if you hope more from life than it holds," said the old man, "and yet I would not wish you otherwise, for I was the same at your age. I too had the most wonderful hopes. I thought I was going to reform the world. I believed in Democracy, and in Internationalism, and in Progress. I was educated almost before I could stand, in a State School; I had a State Scholarship; I went to Balliol and heard the master lecture on the economics of Karl Marx.

"Then I went into politics; I was a member of the Joint Select Committee which proposes to give an entirely new system of government to the oldest country in the world. I began to have doubts—for years mature more quickly than mortals—when I heard politicians glibly proposing to hand over justice and police to the enemies of both.

No Word of Sense

"I went to Geneva and entertained great hopes of the League of Nations; but they talked so much as to give me a headache, and in all their talk, I can assure you, I heard no word of sense, nor of reality.

"I also went into the Parliament at Westminster and it was much the same there. I heard statesmen talk of liberty when they meant licence, and of peace when they meant weakness.

"I went also into France, for we years can go into many places at the same time. I heard politicians expressing the most laudable sentiments and indulging in the most roguish practices. There was one Stavisky, who committed suicide when I was young: with a luncheon or a dinner party, a cheque or even a promise, he made these politicians his servants. When it was discovered there was a great deal of fuss, and promises of

reform; but it all came to nothing. Words, you know, words."

"Have I to learn them all, these words?" asked the child.

"Oh yes, you will have to go through the same sort of education as I went through. They will teach you a word equal to every situation. They will especially impress upon you the word 'Progress,' by which they will justify every folly and every surrender. I hope you may not have a war on your hands before you go out; but if you do, it will not be called a war; it will be called 'sanctions.'

"There are several great professors in this terminology. One is Sir John Simon, and another is the Archbishop of Canterbury, and I had almost forgotten Viscount Cecil and Lord Lothian and Uncle Arthur—all masters of putting things in such a way as completely to disguise the most unpleasant significance. They have formulas equal to everything."

"Are people made happy by these words?" asked the youth.

Does the World Grow Better?

"It is hard to say. They drink them like wine, but they suffer from a headache afterwards. Then they turn to other sects and factions, like the Socialists and the Communists, and by these also they are deceived."

"But does not the world grow better?"

The old man laughed. "Neither better nor worse. If it grows better in some ways it is only to grow worse in others. Fate balances her gifts. If man goes swifter he has less time to think. If he reads more he reflects less. Mankind deceives itself. What it mistakes for the torch of progress is often only the phosphorescence of decay."

"I will not believe it," said the boy. "I mean to go forward. With all this machinery, with all these noble institutions. . . ."

"So I thought," said the Old Year; but if you look at my calendar, you will find it scribbled all over with crimes that would have disgraced the Dark Ages."

"But at any rate you leave the world at peace."

"Men are sick of one kind of war and turn to another," was the reply. "When nation ceases to fight against nation, class begins to fight against class. Foreign wars are less cruel than domestic strife. I speak with feeling. In my short life I have seen brother killing brother in half the capitals of Europe—in Paris and in Vienna, in Amsterdam and in Madrid.

"Have you heard of the Red Terror of Oviedo? I have seen a Chancellor murdered with the world looking on, in his own Chancellery, as if it were a public stage. I have seen a King and a Statesman slain together in a tranquil-seeming seaport town."

The child shed a tear. It was as if a shower

of rain had swept old Greenwich between night and morning. "You are a wicked old man," he said.

"I am what my time has made me" said 1934.

"You almost make me believe," cried the child, "that I am coming not to friends but to enemies, not to civilised people but to a pack of wolves. Is there no hope for humanity?"

The Old Year sighed. "Hope not too much and you will be the less disappointed," he said.

"Man is as he always was, compounded both of good and evil. He changes little if he changes at all. He is, besides, the opposite of himself: he is both valiant and a coward; he is warm of heart and yet cold; he is tender and he is cruel. He loves and he hates; he saves and he spends; he is both wise and a fool. He dreams, he awakes and he dreams again. He is the hero and he is the knave. He builds and he destroys his own work. He is still as of old when he crucified the good and liberated the evil. He sins and he repents."

"Why then am I come among men?" the Young Year mourned.

"Yet do not despond too much," said the old man. "Neither hope too much nor despair. For

you will find kindness among these people, and love on their domestic hearth. You will find pity and charity. You will find simple souls and honest; you will hear laughter and you will see friendship.

"The soldier is still brave; the ploughman still turns the furrow; the shepherd still minds his sheep and the sailor read the stars. There are poets still on earth, and scholars. You will find men best in their own occupations, and worst when they are trying to manage other people's business.

"I cannot admire these mortals; but I will confess to liking them. They have kindness in their hearts even for me. They bear me no malice—listen."

The clocks were striking twelve and there was a clamour of song and handshaking and congratulation. "You see," said the old man, "how good hearted they really are, they bear me no grudge—though I have come so far short of their expectations."

"A happy New Year," they were shouting.

"And though you have disappointed them," said the child with a radiant smile, "they have already forgotten you in their hopes of me."

British Soldiers Under Foreign Control

Scandal of the Saar Force

By Major H. Reade

THE "National" Government has committed the British nation to be a docile servant of the League of Nations.

By sending British troops to the Saar the Government has, for the time being, sent our soldiers to serve under the orders of the Governing Commission of the Saar, and to do the bidding of the Commission without any reference to the authority of the War Office or Westminster.

There is a great distinction between the duties of British troops when they were in Germany directly after the war and their duties now. In the former case they were British troops of our Army of Occupation and subject to War Office orders, with martial law existing throughout all the occupied areas. Civilians and soldiers alike took their orders from the supreme military authority.

In the latter case the Saar Brigade can in no circumstances be termed an Army of Occupation. Military authority is not supreme. Martial law has not been invoked. The Governing Commission is the ultimate authority there of what is to be done or what is not to be done, and the Governing Commission takes its orders from the League of Nations.

Our soldiers there are merely "glorified policemen," holding the ring to enable, as far as is possible, a fair plebiscite to be held. In other words, the soldiers are not soldiers, but an additional force of police ready to assist with military weapons the normal body of police should occasion arise for the Governing Commission to order them to use their weapons.

Sir John Simon, in the House of Commons, has stated that British subjects who are in the Saar police have not the right of ordinary British subjects abroad if they should be either killed or wounded. Great Britain will not, for instance, go to war if half a dozen or a score of these police are slaughtered. These police are under the League of Nations, and to the League of Nations they must look for pensions, gratuities and compensations.

If this is true of the status of the British police in the Saar, that of the soldiers there is identically the same.

With great cunning and adroitness, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Sir John Simon, both of whom believe in the principle of an International Force controlled by the League of Nations, have

wheedled our soldiers out of England to serve under the League of Nations. It will be noticed that neither France or Belgium fell for the plan.

It would be necessary to go back many years to find a parallel. In the seventeenth century the Royal Scots and the "Bufs" served in the armies of Foreign Powers, the former under Gustavus Adolphus, the latter under the Dutch. In more recent years, there was an International Force in Pekin at the time of the Boxer Revolt, under the German Field Marshal Count Van Waldersee. But that Force was there as a fighting force, and under martial law, with the troops of each Army in the Force under the final orders of the War Offices of their respective countries.

It is quite different in the Saar. The British General, who incidentally commands all the troops there, is directly under Mr. Knox, the Governor of the Saar Commission, and he has no power to tell Mr. Knox to mind his own business or to refuse to obey his orders. Major-General Brind will be notified exactly what he has to do and within what limits his men must act. But he will not be in order to get on the long distance telephone to Westminster and say, "I am told to do this or that. Do you object?"

The troops there are for all practical intents and purposes soldiers of the League of Nations, to do the bidding of the League.

The Wedge of Disarmament

It is most earnestly hoped that this will not be taken as a precedent or excuse for the League of Nations at some future time to consider it has the power to have at its disposal units of the British Army, Navy and Air Force. If so, the extension of the present principle may involve this country in war on the Continent at the bidding of the League.

It is also a direct attempt to introduce the pernicious principle of the thin edge of the wedge of Disarmament into the present constitution of our Armed Forces.

If there is harmony in the Saar between the British, Swedish, Dutch and Italian forces, as there is certain to be, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is also certain to advocate the reduction of all the Armed Forces of the Crown in an attempt to control the destinies of Europe by an International Force taking its orders from the League of Nations. So that, if the League of Nations one day orders us to get out of Gibraltar or Malta or Khartoum or India, for that matter, and we refuse, then the League of Nations with its International Force will try to compel it.

To reduce our Army and Navy and Air Force to the slenderest units and keep up a sufficient force available to be at the beck and call of the League of Nations—this is a pet idea of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's—and will be the next step when this Saar business is completed.

The nation, thoroughly ignorant of the plot and plan, will be told how splendidly the Saar Brigade fulfilled all expectations, and that their presence saved a European War. And, therefore, the right thing for this country is to approve of an International Force at the behest of the League of Nations. Then, trusting solely to that force, it

will enable all nations to reduce their military commitments to the barest of minimums. What nonsense!

Beware of the "National" Government. This is their game to enable them next year to say that it will not be necessary now to increase our Army and Navy; that no danger exists in Europe or Asia; that, give the League of Nations the right to call on the various nations in the League to supply troops for the League's policy, all is well, disarmament can proceed apace, and the future destiny of the Empire will be entrusted to the League of Nations.

What a game! What a peril for this great Empire of ours, the source of tremendous envy even among our good friends who are members of the League! What a chance for Soviet Russia, also a member of the League, to pull the strings one day to weaken first and then break up the Empire!

Crafty Policy

Oh! this Saar business! So good of dear old England to send her soldiers to serve under the League. Great Britain can therefore do it again and again.

The Socialists are tickled to death already by our troops going to the Saar as they have gone. It is playing directly into their hands. When they get into power, this crafty policy which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has begun, pulling the wool over the eyes of the Nation and its Army, will be rapidly extended, and the Socialists will openly declare a perpetual Army of the League, of which Great Britain can find a few thousands. The rest of the British Army will then be scrapped.

The same fate will befall the Navy and the Air Force.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is still as much, if not more, a Socialist than he was in 1914 and succeeding years, and is a permanent danger to the well-being and safety of the Empire.

People who are patriots, who would like something more than the "hush-hush" news of most of the daily papers, and want to know and hear the truth, should buy

"The Patriot"

"The National Review"

and

their humble servant

"The Saturday Review"

Motto for 1935— Be Prepared!

By Robert Machray

HOPE springs eternal, and it gushes forth particularly with the opening of a New Year. The sanguine Government Press is making much of the prospect of an accord between France and Italy—in itself an excellent thing—and of a new Peace Plan by which five, or, it may be, seven, nations are to guarantee the independence of Austria and the existing frontiers of Central Europe. To say the least, it is an ambitious plan, involving in its last clause something in the nature of a miracle. While it is permissible to hope that it will not end altogether in smoke, as the other big peace plans have so far done, some striking features of the situation having a very different complexion should be considered.

In an article entitled "The Monstrous Shadow of 1934," which was published in last week's *Saturday Review*, it was noted that though Dr. Benesh, the Czechoslovak Foreign Minister expected a peaceful issue from 1935, which, however, he described as a year of "super-crisis," his own country, Czechoslovakia, was none the less steadily engaged in carrying out a programme of preparedness against attack. President Masaryk, as Commander-in-Chief of the national forces, has just issued an Army Order in which he explains and justifies that programme as a case of "iron necessity," the security of the State having to override every other consideration.

A National Duty

Dr. Masaryk is well known and greatly esteemed in England, and what he says in this connection is worthy of the closest attention. As everyone is aware he is a man of peace, but he is not a pacifist, for he believes that it is both the duty and the right of every nation to defend itself—it is in this that his outlook differs so profoundly from that of Tolstoy. In the Army Order he states that measures of a defensive character have been *forced on his country by developments abroad*—he is perfectly clear about that! He does not name the potential invader or aggressor—there was no need to do so.

What he insists on is that the increase being made in the national forces is a guarantee of the national security. He points out, as well he may, that the rapid development of aviation and the mechanisation of armies enable an enemy, in the present time far more than in former days, to effect surprise attacks, carry out invasions quickly, destroy factories, magazines and all sources of supply, and create widespread panic. Perhaps the old President had in his mind the horrible vision of a sudden, swift assault on beautiful Prague and the frightful catastrophe that would be the result—just as we might be thinking of London!

The Czechoslovak Government is making every possible preparation for the defence of the whole country and no doubt of Prague in particular. The

inhabitants of that city and other Czechoslovak places of importance are being instructed what to do in case of attack from the air, but this is being done all over Europe. It may have been observed that Signor Mussolini has just issued a fresh order for the protection of Rome from air assaults, and that an organisation has been formed for providing gas masks for the town populations of Italy.

Contrast all this preparedness with what is being done or, rather, not being done in England, and ask what is being achieved or not being achieved for the protection of London, the greatest, but alas! the most vulnerable city in the world. Consider the various appearances and statements of Mr. Baldwin when dealing with the defence or rather the defencelessness of this country—nothing could be more disappointing, to put it all too mildly.

Fog at Westminster

In 1933 Baldwin was still harping on the possibility of something coming out of the Disarmament Conference, but the country was growing a little uneasy, and on March 8, 1934, he was driven to say that if all efforts failed "any Government will see to it that in Air strength and power this country shall be no longer in a position of inferiority to any country within striking distance of our shores." It was pretty plain that all efforts at disarmament were failing, but it was not plain enough for Baldwin, and nothing was done.

Three months passed, and it had become common knowledge that Germany was re-arming, particularly in the air, and that the Disarmament Conference was a dud. It was not till July 19, however, that Baldwin was moved to say that the Government could not "delay any longer measures which will in the course of the next few years bring our Air Force to a level more closely approaching that of our nearest neighbours." In the course of the next few years! And then only a *level approaching* that of France and Germany! On July 30 he threw out the remark that the Rhine had become the British frontier, but left his meaning obscure. Meanwhile Parliament had sanctioned an increase of 33 squadrons for home defence and eight for other purposes, to be spread over five years!

Finally, on November 28 Baldwin set forth a plan which at best will give only 300 additional machines two years hence. Though he confessed that the situation caused "very grave anxiety," he yet asserted that there was "no immediate menace confronting us or anyone in Europe at this moment—no actual emergency." The idea suggested was that there was no need of immediate preparedness, no question of the security of the country—all just pure, stupid, silly Baldwinese! How different from the "iron necessity" of which Masaryk spoke so truly to his people.

BRITISH LEGION

Open Enquiry Demanded

By a Special Correspondent

EFFORTS are being made by certain high officials of the British Legion to disparage the motive and origin of these articles.

These officials are going about the country (at Legion expense) stating that (1) the articles are attacks on the Legion and (2) that they are inspired by "certain individuals for their own personal ends."

With regard to (1) I would once more emphasise that there has been no attack whatever on the Legion but that all the charges made have been against its officials and its administration which paralyse its usefulness and stultify it in the eyes of the public. As I said in my first article the criticisms are offered because it is desired that the Legion should live up to its proud motto of Service—service not to Whitehall but to the ex-service cause and in the hope that it may become a great and *independent* organisation for the purpose for which it was founded. That this is realised by many is evidenced by my correspondence which repeatedly expresses the hope that the exposures shall continue until reforms are obtained.

As regards (2) the Editor of the Legion Journal went so far as to write (of those he supposes are responsible for the campaign) "Without exception they are people who personally owe a good deal to the Legion. In each case the grievance is that Legion H.Q. declines to permit them to use the Legion for their personal benefit." I do not know to whom these words refer but I can certainly state that I have no personal motive whatever nor have I ever received any benefit from Legion membership. I even fought my own pension case and won it after about six years' effort!

"An Ex-Ranker"

Sir Frederick Maurice, writing to a distinguished officer who had called for an explanation of the charges, went so far as to state that the author of these articles was a "hack journalist" and "an ex-ranker officer." True I had the honour of serving in the ranks as well as holding a commission but readers will note the implicit snobbery of this regular officer. Truly an illuminating example of the "comradeship" he vaunts so highly when making his parade ground speeches to the rank and file!

This personal abuse does not matter in the least and I only mention it as indicating the desperate attempts which the officials are making to draw a red herring and to side track the real issue at stake—the gross mal-administration of the Legion.

But because of the harm this attitude is doing to the Legion I appeal to the officials to drop this abuse and evasion and to answer the charges

on their own merits. If they are true it does not matter who makes them; if untrue let them be disproved.

I challenge Haig House to appoint an independent Committee with full power to examine witnesses—including Legion employees and ex-employees—and to examine all accounts and correspondence with a view to allaying the growing uneasiness of branches and public.

Among the matters which require exhaustive investigation the following are typical:—

The £2,500 attributed in the accounts to "non-existent migration." Every item charged to this head to be disclosed with a full explanation and particularly a statement as to whether the expenses of training a certain person for Holy Orders and providing him with clerical attire were included in this account.

Business Loans

Full explanation of all cases where the maximum sum allowed for business loans has been exceeded and where repayments have not been obtained.

A review of the high salaries paid to certain officials and the miserable pittance given to junior clerks, etc. Examination of ex-service qualifications and disclosure of all service as distinct from wound pensions drawn.

Full inquiry into the circumstances leading up to the withdrawal of the attack made on the Ministry of Pensions, desertion of Victorian Settlers, etc.

Checking up all travelling allowance claims to ascertain whether rail fare has been paid when a warrant has been issued, and also full details as to all sums paid to "honorary officials" particularly to ascertain if separate allowances have been paid in respect of more than one committee attended on the same day.

Legal expenses paid from Poppy Day money. Full inquiry and explanation as to the misleading statements concerning this payment published in the Legion Journal.

Explanation required as to expenditure of Poppy Day money for female domestic training centre at Burnham Hall and full disclosure of all monies spent to date.

DIRECT subscribers who are changing their addresses are asked to give the earliest possible notification to the *Saturday Review*, 18-20, York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2.

Gangster Rule for India?

By HAMISH BLAIR

(*The Man on the Spot*)

THE two-thirds majority by which the Central Conservative Council endorsed the policy of betrayal and scuttle in India was, of course, obtained by false pretences, "twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools." The persons comprising it must have been densely confused and possibly indifferent as to the consequences of their act, but they will not be left long in this blissful condition. Possibly they may be enlightened before the surrender is consummated; we in this country can only hope they will be. They will assuredly be disabused afterwards if the worst comes to the worst, but, as Sir Henry Page Croft reminds us, the fight has only just begun. We hope that he and his coadjutors will continue it as long as there are any smug traitors left in office.

A heavy irony has stalked all the previous blunders of the Baldwin-Socialist confederacy. Once more it has followed closely on their track. The Conservative Council was bamboozled into voting for the Report by the hope that it would conciliate India, that famous "intellectual and political India" to which we have been so often referred.

The day after the Conservatives had put both feet in the trough, the Madras Liberal League (the "Moderates," you know) met and denounced the Report, being just beaten in this competition by the Indian merchants of Bombay, who had got their whack in a day or two previously.

Red Congress

The Western India National Liberal Association, under the presidency of Sir Chimanlal Setalvad, expressed their dissatisfaction in strong terms, characterising the proposals as "more reactionary and retrograde" than those of the White Paper.

The Congress, of course, hoisted the red flag of revolution three or four years ago, and has never hauled it down. The main hope of our all-wise rulers was that, if Congress couldn't be persuaded to lower the flag, it might be induced, by the offer of the proposed constitution, at least to tone it down to a paler shade of pink. We told them they were making another howler. We tell them so again.

The Congress Committee has declared itself "of the opinion that the said scheme (contained in the Parliamentary Committee's Report) must be rejected, well knowing that rejection must involve the necessity of struggling under the present constitution, humiliating and intolerable as it is, until it is replaced by one framed by the Constituent Assembly in accordance with the Congress resolution on the subject. This Committee requests members of the Assembly to reject the scheme which the Government sought to thrust on India in the name of reform, and appeals to the nation to support the Congress in every step that it may

decide upon to secure the national objective, namely *purna Swaraj*" (that is, complete independence).

This is the attitude of "intellectual and political India" towards the policy into which Parliament is going to be led up to the neck. Congress still dominates the politics of the country (a very different thing, of course, from dominating the country itself) and in its chosen sphere is more powerful than ever. The Moderates, even if they liked the Report (which they don't), would not dare to ignore the Congress lead. The result is that neither of the two main parties has any more use for the Report than for the White Paper! Yet Stanley told the poor old Tory Council that "if you refuse this opportunity, you will infallibly lose India"!

Opportunities for Mischief

I am not saying that, if this Constitution is forced on India, India will necessarily boycott it. Politicians are notoriously fickle, except in their hatreds, and I fully expect that, if and when it is passed, you will find Congress sooner or later in office.

What then? Do you imagine for one moment that Congress, or any other party, if there were one to speak of, will attempt to work the constitution in any spirit of co-operation, let alone gratitude? If you do, all I can say is that you don't know the Indian politician. I do. Remember, Irwin, MacDonald & Co. have been stuffing him up with all sorts of wild hopes, which this constitution purports to postpone. He is an ungrateful cuss, who notes the postponement and doesn't thank you for the enormous opportunities for mischief now being conferred upon him. He will take advantage of them all right, but as to feeling grateful—is the gangster ever conscious of gratitude to the victim whom he bumps off?

Among the half-truths in Stanley Baldwin's speech to the Conservative Committee was the statement that "I do not remember any serious rebellion in India during the war." Perhaps not; but those of us who were in India at the time know that that was not the fault of the malcontents. And what of Amritsar in 1919? That was just after the war; and if Dyer and O'Dwyer hadn't put down that insurrection, the Punjab would have risen, every English person between Peshawar and Delhi would have been massacred, and the Afghan invasion, which took place a year or two later, would have been hastened.

Baldwin may not remember that horror, but we, whose personal friends at Amritsar were dragged into the streets, battered to pulp and then tossed back into the blazing remains of what had been their banks and offices when the city was in the hands of the rebels—we find it less easy to forget!

Solving the Traffic Problem

By Colonel Sir C. H. Bressey

(who has just been knighted following his appointment, with Sir Edwin Lutyens, to devise some means of solving the traffic problem.)

SINCE the termination of the Great War the problem of traffic control in big cities has become more and more involved. That the advent of the cheap motor car would revolutionise all our ideas on the subject was already realised fifteen years ago, when the programme of building great arterial roads was first begun. To-day the Greater London arterial road schemes are approaching completion in a much amplified form. But despite past efforts to plan in advance, we can hardly claim to have kept pace with developments, for in the last ten years the number of motor licences issued has more than doubled. Roads have not expanded correspondingly. Meantime the population of Greater London increases at the rate of 70,000 or 80,000 a year—equivalent to the entire population of Greater London in Tudor times.

To-day we have to face the future with the knowledge that there is no likelihood of motor traffic decreasing; on the contrary, judging by experience in the U.S.A., we must look for yet further increases and make our plans accordingly.

Traffic-Carrying Capacity

The most difficult phase of the problem is not that of building great new roads connecting town with town, but of adapting Metropolitan thoroughfares to carry more traffic than was ever visualised before the motor era. The tide of traffic is stemmed back wherever arterial roads discharge their burden of vehicles into the older and narrower thoroughfares of the inner suburbs.

Consequently the future of roads is not merely a matter of road engineering or even of road planning, for we are faced by the stubborn fact that, look where we may, buildings choke the Metropolitan map, bristling with compensation. Fortunately the higher authorities in Greater London have always been willing to enter into friendly discussion with the Ministry of Transport in relation to all the schemes we have launched in the past.

I have no doubt whatever that the same support will be given to me in the much more difficult task that has now fallen on my shoulders and that a hearty welcome awaits Sir Edwin Lutyens, who, I am glad to say, is to act as architectural consultant.

The Greater London arterial roads which are approaching completion lie mostly outside the more densely populated and built-up areas within the London County Council boundary, and it is impossible to overlook the fact that the utility of the arterial routes is greatly impaired by the circumstance that these new roads, 100 ft. or more in width, debouch into older thoroughfares, sometimes residential, of a very different calibre. This inadequacy of the older thoroughfares is becom-

ing every day more obvious. They might carry a nineteenth century trickle but not a twentieth century flood.

Before we can embark upon any new plan to relieve the congestion of inner London, it is necessary that we should have available for examination the widest possible collection of data regarding the traffic for which we have to legislate. Moreover, we must bring under review the schemes which have been proposed in the past but left incomplete, and other projects which have never yet been begun. Anyone who wishes to prepare a highway development scheme for Greater London must have all the facts ready to hand, revised to date.

At the same time, besides grappling with existing data of this kind, one must have more ample information as to the movements of traffic in Greater London.

In the past it has been the practice of the Ministry of Transport to conduct a traffic census on all the Class I roads of the country outside the great cities at three-yearly intervals. Although the sequence was unfortunately interrupted by the financial crisis, we have now been able to make arrangements for a census to be taken in July or August of 1935. I have every reason for the belief that, through our close relations with Scotland Yard, it will be possible for a similar census to be taken in Inner London, where the congestion is most acute. The Class I traffic census taken by the Ministry of Transport is, I believe, more detailed and comprehensive than any census taken in any country in the world.

Intensive Investigation

We hope to render the forthcoming census even more instructive than its predecessors by applying a more intensive degree of investigation to the traffic, its classification, and even its origin and destination, where it is possible to ascertain these details without causing undue obstruction.

It is not to be imagined for one moment that the execution of improvements of unquestionable value will be delayed pending the result of the inquiry. On the contrary, works are being started and will continue to be started from day to day. For instance, I hope that within the next few months, as a result of agreement between the Middlesex and Buckinghamshire County Councils, steps will be taken to extend the Western Avenue to its final destination on the Oxford Road, thus endowing London with a completely new outlet towards the West.

My instructions are that this investigation must be completed within three years and that interim reports are to be presented from time to time. As soon as any particular investigation is concluded the results will be made known.

The Lion of the Mutiny

By Clive Rattigan

"NICHOLSON impressed me more profoundly than any man I had ever met before or have ever met since. I have never seen anyone like him. He was the beau ideal of a soldier and a gentleman."

That was the great "Bobs'" verdict on the "man among men" who so seized his (Lord Roberts') youthful imagination that he was fired with the ambition "to follow in his footsteps."

Herbert Edwardes, too, some months before the Mutiny broke out had earnestly exhorted Lord Canning to remember that "if there is a desperate deed to be done in India, John Nicholson is the man to do it."

Nicholson in his thirties—he was only 34 when he died, though his monument at Delhi makes him out a year older—had already proved himself to be the outstanding personality in the famous band of soldier-politicals who, under the Lawrences, administered the Punjab and the frontier districts then attached to it.

Work on the Frontier

John Lawrence might find Nicholson's methods at times a little trying, because they were somewhat irregular, but he was the first to admit that Nicholson was "the best district officer on the frontier. He is well worth the wing of a regiment on the border, as his prestige with the people, both on the hills and plains, is very great."

Nicholson had little use for Government regulations. "This is the way I treat these things," he told a visitor to his office one day, illustrating his words by kicking a bundle of Government orders across the floor. But when he issued his own orders he saw that they were promptly obeyed.

Of his administration of Bannu, Herbert Edwardes has recorded that:

"John Nicholson reduced the people—the most ignorant, depraved and bloodthirsty in the Punjab—to such a state of good order and respect for the laws that, in the last year of his charge, not only was there no murder, burglary or highway robbery, but not even an attempt at any of those crimes. The Bannuchis emphatically approve him as every inch a *hakim* (master or lord). And so he is."

In Peshawar, too, as officiating Commissioner, his was the "master-hand" that was fast bringing "the Peshawar district to the minimum of crime and its every official to the maximum of exertion."

Twelve years after his death, a border chief remarked to a British officer, "To this day our women at night wake trembling and saying they hear the tramp of *Nikalsain's* war-horse."

Then there was that brotherhood of *Nikalsaini* Fakirs who, in Nicholson's life-time, worshipped him as their God, despite every discouragement from him in the way of frequent beatings, and after his death felt they could best honour his memory by embracing his own creed.

Even in the city of Delhi, the scene of his last heroic act, Punjabi minstrels were found within a

decade of the Mutiny singing the praises of the "godlike chieftain *Nikalsain*" whose "name our children lisp."

Nicholson was essentially a man of action; he was not built for the smooth course of official life and when there were no disorders to suppress or difficulties to overcome, he was apt to become restive and to "go rusty" with his long-suffering chief, John Lawrence.

The outbreak of the Mutiny found him in his element. It was Nicholson, at the head of his own Sowars and a squadron of Multani Horse, who hunted down the mutinous 55th Native Infantry from Fort Mardan to the borders of Swat, across ridges and ravines, for twenty hours in the saddle, slaying many of the rebels with his own hand and practically exterminating the regiment.

Then came the command of the movable column and a series of brilliant exploits, among them the overawing of the Jullundur population by a sheer display of "personality," the disarming of the 33rd and 35th without a shot being fired and that march of 44 miles to Gurdaspur in 18 hours under a broiling July sun to intercept and rout 4,000 Sialkote mutineers making for Delhi.

Nicholson's arrival before Delhi put heart into the dispirited besiegers on the Ridge, though it could not cure their commander, General Wilson, of his hopeless pessimism.

Prepared to Depose his Chief

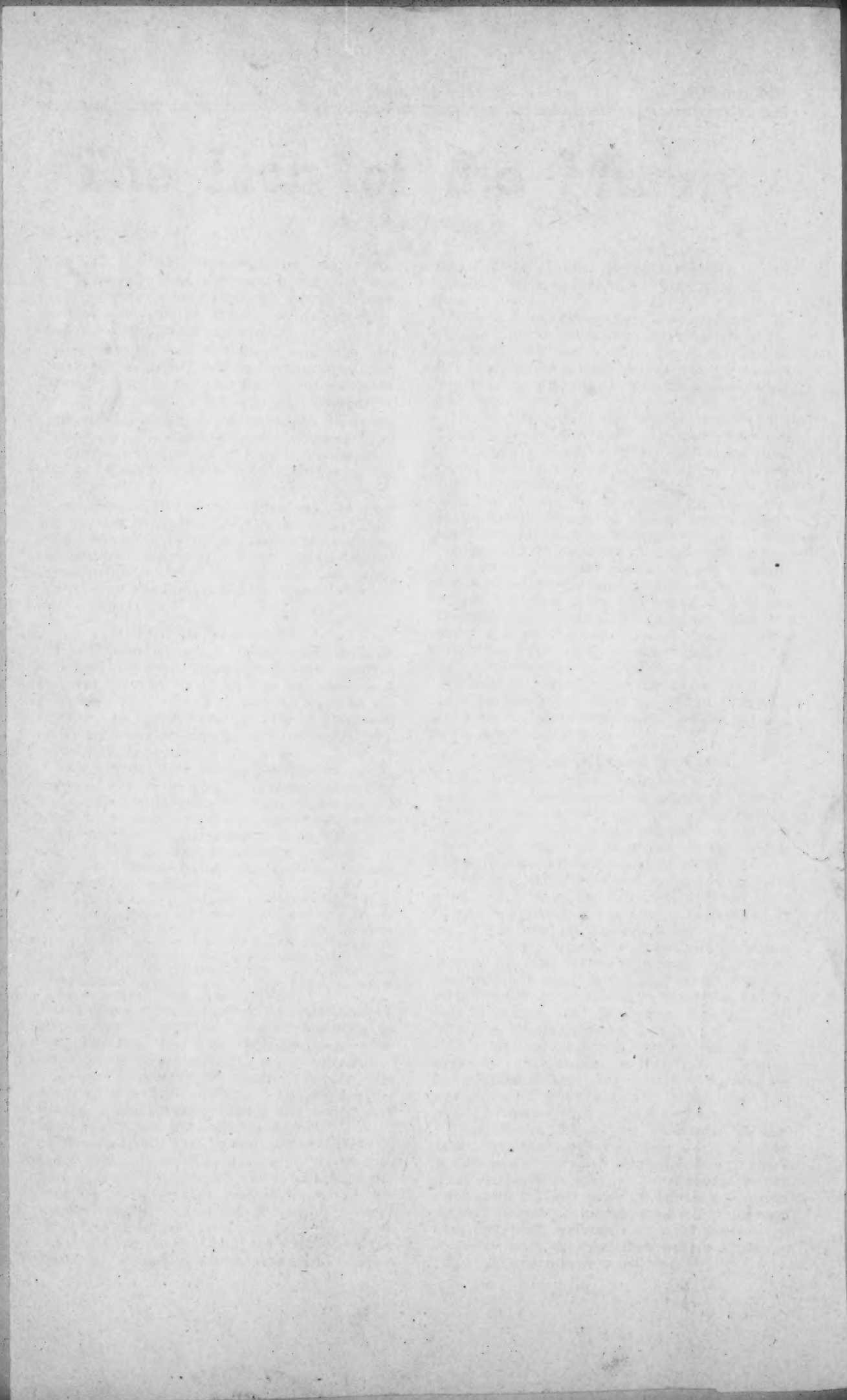
Even after Nicholson, regardless of orders, had taken his column across swamps and marshy ground to inflict a crushing blow at Najafgarh on a large force of Sepoys who had sallied forth from Delhi to intercept the siege-train coming to the Ridge, Wilson was still a prey to despair.

Had he eventually refused to give his consent to the storming of the city, Nicholson (as Lord Roberts has recorded) would not have hesitated to depose him from the chief command.

It was in the first day's assault that Nicholson received his fatal wound, as characteristically he was rushing forward to rally the troops who had been checked in their advance upon the Lahore Gate. Where the fight was hottest, there Nicholson always delighted to be.

Delhi did not actually fall into our hands till a week later. Meanwhile, as Nicholson lay dying, he heard that Wilson contemplated abandoning the assault. "Thank God!" he roused himself to say, "I have strength yet to shoot him."

Clive, Wolfe, Nelson and Nicholson: all dissimilar from one another in many ways, but alike in their power to inspire their fellow men to heroic deeds and the audacious spirit that animated them—the spirit that has made for Britain's greatness through the past two centuries and is very different from that weak sentimentality which would have us to-day surrender what their dauntless courage helped either to win or to preserve.



Supplement to the SATURDAY REVIEW

JOHN NICHOLSON



The hero of the siege of Delhi

O'Reilly Sees It Through

A Drama in Four Acts

By Hamish Blair

PERSONS IN THE PLAY

Samuel Christenson, Indian Civil Service, Magistrate of Ponambong.
 Joan Christenson, his wife.
 Major Walter Smith, Indian Medical Service.
 Mary Smith, his wife.
 George Stephen, Agent of the Windsor Steamship Company.
 Lesley Stephen, his wife.
 Patrick O'Reilly, Inspector-General of Police.
 His Excellency The Governor.
 John Thornton, Indian Civil Service, Private Secretary.
 Captain Adderley, A.D.C.
 Thursoe Wilson, District Superintendent of Police, Ponambong.
 Gerald Crossley, Assistant Superintendent of Police.
 Rai Bahadur Tincowrie Mono, Marwari Money-lender and Capitalist.
 Babu Protap Roy, the leading Zemindar of Ponambong.
 Captain Dunne, Indian Army.
 Issur Chunder, Barrister-at-Law.
 Murray Belper, Principal of Ponambong College.
 Gurkhas, bearers, khitmutgars, police, orderlies, lawyers, citizens, assassins, etc.

ACT I, SCENE 1

The dining room of the Magistrate's house at Ponambong. Time 9.45 p.m. It is rather a bare room of an ugly oblong shape. A verandah opens off the room along part of the back of the stage. Three sporting pictures adorn the walls. Besides the dining table and eight chairs the furniture consists of a Burmese sideboard and two (non-Burmese) dinner wagons. There is the usual screen shutting off the bottlekhana, or pantry. L.R. is a curtained opening giving upon the drawing room. The only closed door is one back stage R of the verandah. It is the hot weather, and a four-bladed electric fan whirls above the company, of whom there are seven seated at table; four men and three women. There is one vacant chair.

Just as the curtain rises the ladies follow suit. The men spring to their feet. Mrs. Christenson, the hostess, has been sitting at the end of the table R with her back to the drawing room curtains. She is a tall handsome woman of 27, a brunette with a natural complexion. She is dressed in a gauzy material which suits with the climate and looks the acme of coolness and comfort.

The ladies bunch together to go out. Major Walter Smith of the Indian Medical Service, a stout and greying medico between 45 and 50, and George Stephen, a dapper close shaven merchant of 30, step to the curtains and part them to afford the ladies egress. Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Stephen accompany Mrs. Christenson.

Mrs. Christenson (turning as they reach the curtains and shaking her fan playfully at the male element): Now, you men, don't be long. Remember that until you come we unprotected women will be alone in the drawing-room, and that this is India in the year of the Terror.

Murray Belper (a slightly-made, rather conceited looking man of thirty-five; he is in the educational service): Oh, come, Mrs. Christenson, the Terrorists don't make war on women.

Major Smith (gallantly): And if they did, my money would be on Mrs. Christenson every time. Swing that left, Mrs. Christenson, and you'll break the pistol arm of any whippersnapper Terrorist among them.

Mrs. Christenson (laughing): I daresay—if I got at him before he fired. Now remember—don't be long.

The three ladies pass beyond the curtains, which are drawn to by a stalwart orderly armed to the teeth. Samuel Christenson of the Indian Civil Service, the host, comes round the table and takes the seat his wife has just vacated. He is a pleasant-looking man of 35 with a thick crop of curly hair and a slight moustache. The others group themselves near him so that he is completely screened from the verandah—Smith, Stephen, Belper and a young Indian barrister, Issur Chunder, dark handsome and clean shaven. All the men are in white mess kit.

Christenson (to the servants): Cheroots aur cigarettes lao. Pass the port, Belper.

A superbly clad bearer, his white turban bound with chocolate and gold and a cummerbund of the same pattern brings round smokes. Another servitor bears coffee through the curtains to the invisible ladies.

Stephen: What's the idea of the vacant chair, Christenson?

Christenson: Oh, of course, I ought to have told you before. Perhaps I ought to have had it shifted. Fact is, Pat O'Reilly invited himself to stay the night, but said he might be late for dinner; so we've been expecting him to turn up at any minute.

Chunder: O'Reilly? The I.G. of Police?

Christenson: Yes. Do you know him?

Chunder: Er—no. Only by name.

Major Smith: I've met him in the U.S. Club. But what is he doing down in Ponambong?

Christenson: I gather he's got some line on the murder of my predecessor. Believes in following up these things himself. He's a bit of an optimist. The rotten part of it is that half the people seem to be in with the Terrorists.

Smith: He's a rum-looking fellow, isn't he? Thin, dark and solemn looking. Not in the least like the conventional Irishman.

Stephen: Have you noticed how many of the leading policemen in India are Irishmen? Not exactly the line you would think them cut out for.

Belper (pompously): Doubtless on the principle of "Set a thief to catch a thief"!

The sally is received in silence. Coffee is now brought in for the men.

Christenson (stirring his cup): O'Reilly is quite the most amazing man I know. He bears a charmed life. There have been at least half a dozen attempts on it to my knowledge, and I don't

know how many more. No other man could have stood it, but his nerve is adamant. There are points about an Irishman, Belper.

Belper (*condescendingly*): I've no doubt there are.

Christenson: What happened only last month? He was fired at at close range in the capital. He stopped his car, got out and shot his assailant dead before he could get away.

Smith: Damned good. But I can beat that story, Christenson.

Christenson: Go ahead.

Smith: I had it from another policeman, so there must be something in it. There was a famous Swaraj rebel whom O'Reilly had chivvied out of the country. He went to Germany, Russia, then to America, and put in about two years abroad. Then he got homesick and made his way back gradually, arriving in Calcutta at last on board a ship full of returned emigrants from Fiji. He was met at the Kidderpore Docks by a friendly Pathan, who gave him the password, provided him with money, won his confidence completely—and finally arrested him. The Pathan was O'Reilly—haw, haw! O'Reilly had never lost sight of him for a moment from the time he left India to the time he came back!

Stephen: Good man! Just the kind we want down here. And that reminds me.

He produces a revolver from his coat pocket and places it on the table before him.

Stephen: I hope you don't mind, Christenson.

Christenson (*with a smile*): No, not a bit, if the others don't.

Belper (*nervously*): Oh, for Heaven's sake put away that gun, Stephen. You give me the willies. I wouldn't carry a thing like that about with me for anything.

Stephen (*with a slight air of contempt*): P'raps not. P'raps you couldn't shoot with it, even if you did.

Belper: I'm proud to say I can't. I've no use for firearms. I'm infinitely safer without them.

Stephen: You're the only man in Ponambong who is, then. What do you say, Christenson?

Christenson: As a matter of fact, I don't carry arms, either.

Belper: Bravo!

Stephen: What! You, the magistrate of Ponambong, who carry your life in your hands every moment! You who follow on a man who was shot down only two months ago! You are absolutely amazing!

Christenson (*lighting another cigarette*): I don't know, really. It's like this. I admit I've taken on a dangerous job and I never know what may happen to me, or when. So be it. What's the use of worrying? I take every reasonable precaution. The Government surrounds me with armed police. I sleep in a different room every night. I don't expose myself any more than I can help. Having done that, I don't see what more I can do. And I certainly don't see how carrying a revolver is going to help.

Stephen (*eagerly*): It may make all the difference, Christenson. If you're quick on the draw, that second may enable you to plug your man. That's why I always have my gun on the table,

whether I'm working or eating. The second while you're drawing may make all the difference.

He handles his revolver affectionately.

Belper (*almost shrieking*): Leave the damned thing alone, Stephen! You've got it pointed towards me!

Smith: There's something in what you say, Stephen. If you carry a gun you should be able to shoot on the instant.

He produces an automatic and lays it on the table before him. Belper gives another start.

Chunder: Well, gentlemen, I'm in this show-down, too.

He too pulls out a revolver and places it on the table.

Christenson: All loaded?

The three signify assent.

Belper (*with an effort to register contempt*): Great Scott! It's like a film of the Wild West.

Stephen: It's a reality of the Wilder East, my son. We can't all afford to take the same risks as a brave man like you.

He plays absent-mindedly with his revolver, and turns the muzzle playfully towards Belper, who dives sideways under the table. The others laugh, but Smith promptly recovers his gravity.

Smith: Don't be an ass, Stephen. The thing might go off. I don't blame Belper. You'll clear the room if you go on like that.

Belper (*re-emerging*): Thank you, Major. That's just what I keep telling him. He's the worst kind of Terrorist. I wish you'd all put away these revolvers.

Stephen (*doggedly*): I won't, for one. The Terrorist who plugs me will run a fifty-fifty chance of being plugged himself.

Belper: Anyone would think you expected a Terrorist outrage here to-night.

Stephen: I hope not, but with rascals like your students about, Belper, one can't be too careful.

Belper (*indignantly*): My students! Let me tell you, Mr. Stephen, that my students are the best lot of boys in this part of India.

Stephen (*shrugging*): They might easily be that.

Belper: Chunder, will you stand by and hear your fellow-countrymen abused like this?

Chunder (*quietly*): Why, Belper, I don't know that I regard them as fellow-countrymen. We are now in Eastern India, but I am a Calcutta man.

Belper: But you can surely cry "Bande Materam"! Surely India is your motherland?

Stephen: Excuse me, Belper, but where is your motherland? It isn't England by any chance, is it?

Belper: I was born there, but when I came to India I became a citizen of India.

Stephen: Oh!

Belper: India is as dear to me as England, and my students are so many younger brothers. My task is to educate young India into liberty, and the time is soon coming when they will enjoy it.

Christenson: I'm afraid I can't quite congratulate you on the results of your training, Belper. In point of fact a number of your students are on the list of suspects.

Belper (*loudly*): Whoever put them there deserves to be horsewhipped. I tell you, I know all of them personally, and am prepared to vouch for

everyone of them—don't do that, for the Lord's sake!

He ducks as Stephen casually swings his revolver towards him. The others grin and look at Stephen. At that moment a wild dark face appears at the level of the verandah looking in from the outside. After a moment's scrutiny, during which the eyes search for and locate Christenson the face disappears. No one in the room has seen it.

Next moment a motor horn is heard outside.

Christenson: Hullo! That must be O'Reilly. I wonder what has made him so late.

An orderly enters, salutes and hands Christenson a card. He looks at it.

Christenson: "Salaam do Babu-ko." I'm sorry, I forgot to tell you I'd asked old Tincowrie Mono to come in after dinner. He won't dine with us, of course, but he's a friendly old bloke with any amount of money, who does a lot of good . . .

Ah, good evening, Rai Bahadur. Glad to see you. Come and sit down. You won't have a drink, will you? But you'll have a cheroot? That's right.

Rai Bahadur Tincowrie Mono, who has entered during these last sentences and has salaammed to the host prior to shaking hands, is a Marwari slightly past middle age. He wears a pink turban and is dressed in the flowing robes of the more old fashioned Oriental. His moustache is grey, his nose is aquiline and his eyes are bright and piercing. His ears, his hands, his neck and his shirt-front sparkle with jewels. He salaams to each one in the company.

The wild face appears again on the verandah and this time it is higher than before. A hand can be seen clutching a revolver. Once again no-one observes the intruder and the face disappears.

Christenson places a chair for Tincowrie next to his own and in such a position that the newcomer is between him and the verandah. Tincowrie lights a cheroot.

Tincowrie (looking at the revolvers and speaking in perfect English, but rather slowly and with an accent): You are well armed, gentlemen. Do you expect another raid?

Christenson: One never knows, Rai Bahadur. And my friends feel that it is best to be ready for emergencies.

Tincowrie: You don't, your Honour?

Christenson (shrugging his shoulders): No, Tincowrie, I am a fatalist. "Jo hoga, so hoga." If it is written, it must be.

Stephen: I absolutely disagree. If I've got to die, I want at least to do for the other man—or one of them.

Christenson: Let's change the subject. I am expecting Mr. O'Reilly, the I.G. of Police, at any moment, Rai Bahadur. He is extremely anxious to meet you.

Tincowrie (with a start): To meet me? Why?

Christenson: Oh, he says he wants to meet all the men of light and leading in Ponambong. That means you, first and foremost.

Tincowrie: You are very good, your Honour. I am a very humble person.

Belper (effusively): Nonsense, Rai Bahadur. You built my College. And do you know what they are saying about us? That our students—or some of them—are suspects. I say it's an atrocious libel. What do you think about it?

Tincowrie shrugs his shoulders.

Tincowrie: I am afraid it is true. There isn't

a College in this part of India which isn't riddled with sedition.

Smith: Then what do you propose to do about it?

Tincowrie: I was about to propose to His Honour that we should close it.

Belper starts from his seat and sits down again.

Belper: Close my College—close our College, Rai Bahadur! Interrupt my work, and throw these boys out into the world with their education only just begun! It's unthinkable!

Stephen: Judging by results, your education has done precious little for them.

Tincowrie: I wouldn't say that, Mr. Stephen. Mr. Belper is the greatest educationist in India. But this infection has got such a hold of our boys that I see no other possibility of stopping it.

Belper sits as though stunned. A motor horn is heard. Christenson rises.

Christenson: We must discuss this later, Rai Bahadur. To-morrow, perhaps when O'Reilly will be here. In fact, he is here now, for that is his car. Major, will you lead the way into the drawing-room while I fetch O'Reilly in? We will join you presently.

While these words are being spoken the men have all risen—Smith, Stephen and Chunder pocketing their firearms—and the armed orderly has pulled back the curtains separating the dining room from the drawing room. Christenson moves to the dining room L. As he does so he is uncovered for the first time that evening. The others are moving parallel with the verandah, their faces towards the drawing room.

At that moment a head and shoulders appear above the verandah, and the intruder takes careful aim. . . .

[Curtain]

Six Golfing Shots

by

Six Famous Players

Edited by

Bernard Darwin

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An Appreciation

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Selection of Novels

Crusading with Coeur de Lion

SOME two years ago Miss Magdalen King-Hall recreated for us very realistically the 18th century atmosphere in "The Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion." She has now set out to give life to the old far-gone Crusading times of Richard Coeur de Lion, and she does it in very sprightly fashion. The old knights, their squires and ladies speak at times in very modern accents and are very far from being mere ghosts from the past; they are very real human beings with whom one feels in sympathy from our first acquaintance with them. The story "Gay Crusaders" (Peter Davies, 7s. 6d.) is unfolded with much wit and verve.

A Doctor's Experiment

Mrs. Eileen Bigland, in her first novel "Gingerbread House," showed a considerable gift for comedy. In her latest novel "Doctor's Child" (Arthur Baker, 7s. 6d.) the humour is still there, though the story as a whole is a grim and tragic one. It concerns the results of a doctor's experiment in adopting a slum child and turning it into a healthy human being while attempting to repress all its natural instincts and emotions. As the child grows into girlhood and womanhood, the repression becomes an increasing mania with the doctor, producing feelings of loathing and fear towards him on the part of the victim of his experiment. She finds a lover and the doctor kills him, forcing her into a hateful marriage. The end is madness and sheer tragedy. A story that grips one because of its clever characterisation.

A Good First Novel

A very good first novel is "The Wide House," by S. C. H. Booth (Rich and Cowan, 7s. 6d.). Its two main characters are a famous surgeon and his adopted son, whom he has brought up to follow his own profession. The story in which romance and the anxieties of the operating theatre alternately play their part, is a well-knit, interesting one, and shows considerable promise.

A Nine-year-old Heroine

"Old Farm," by Ettie Stephens Pritchard (D. Appleton Company, 7s. 6d.) is an American tale of the 1870's. The Illinois farm of the title lies on the covered wagon trek to the "prominent lands" of Kansas and Nebraska, and its occupants are a family who, hailing originally from the South, live up to its traditions of hospitality and always give a cordial welcome to those trekking westward past their home. The real heroine of the tale is a wholly delightful, resourceful and in no way spoilt little girl of nine, who somehow manages to be the angel of Providence in preventing disaster and putting right things that seem to be going wrong. The old farm, too, exercises a beneficent spell upon all those who live there. There is both romance and excitement in this simply told story of simple lives.

The Farm and the Farmer

Mr. A. G. Street's novel, "The Endless Furrow" (Faber & Faber, 7s. 6d.), forms an interesting commentary on the causes which brought about the depression of agriculture in England. As a story the book is perhaps a trifle too idealistic. Although James Horton is denied the fulfilment of his last ambition—to see his son farming the land he has loved so well and slaved to acquire—there is a shade of monotony about the remarkable way in which every previous ambition is realised, every difficulty overcome, and his unflinching success in marriage, in trade and in farming, seems a little too good to be true. Nevertheless, the book is very well worth reading, and one is reluctant to put it down until it is finished.

A Story of Trinidad

Comparisons, we know, are odious but in reading "Pitch Lake" by Alfred H. Mendes (Duckworth, 7s. 6d.) it is impossible not to be reminded of Theodore Dreiser's "American Tragedy," and those who enjoyed that lengthy work should make a point of not missing "Pitch Lake." As the title suggests, this is a story of Trinidad. It is powerfully written, and the stark, crazy pattern made by the conglomeration of white and coloured races is vividly painted. The hero, a self-indulgent Portuguese, with a chronic inferiority complex and excessive weakness of character, tries to follow his will o' the wisp ambitions, but finds that his misdeeds, like boomerangs, come back on him. The characterisation is brilliant, and the story flows with a grim inevitability that has its logical climax in the final tragedy which ends the book.

Pre-War Loyalties

We are told on the jacket of "Lost Shepherd" (Cobden-Sanderson, 7s. 6d.) that it was written with the simple idea of making fun of the Edwardians, but that as the writer proceeded with his task he became conscious of the fact that despite their absurdities and futilities that generation possessed dignity, integrity and definite character. Mr. Roland Lushington, the author, has certainly not been too cruel in the fun he pokes at the particular Edwardian family he has chosen for his tale. The result is that his story is entertaining, while at the same time enlisting the sympathies of the reader for the characters presented.

THREE THRILLERS

A Film Studio Murder

Chief-Inspector Burford and his assistant Sergeant Crowther are old friends and when they are out to track down a murderer there is obviously little chance for him. However, in telling us of their exploits, Mr. Victor MacClure always gives us a good tale with convincing characterisation and an easy-flowing style to make it well worth reading. In "Death on the Set" (George G. Harrap & Co., 7s. 6d.) we are given a mysterious murder during the production of the last scenes of a film picture and there is everything that there could possibly be to baffle the most clever and patient of sleuths. The final solution of the mystery involves, of course, a tremendous surprise.

Stabbing of a Dying Financier

A highly successful financier, owner of a famous yellow diamond, lies dying and the Press is only awaiting to announce his death. After the visits of three persons he has summoned to his side he is found dead with a dagger in his heart. The famous diamond is also missing. Who stole it and how did the dying man come by his death? These are the problems set out and solved in "Three Went In," by N. A. Temple Ellis (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.). Quite a good yarn, with a pleasant romance running through it.

Tragedy at a Hospital Ball

Six hundred eyes watch the Mayor present the Carnival Queen at the Hospital Carnival Ball with a beautiful silver paper knife. Then the dancing recommences. Suddenly there is a piercing scream and there is a rush to the place whence the cry came. There sprawling on the floor are the bodies of the Mayor and Carnival Queen. The latter is dead, stabbed with the silver paper knife. The Mayor is not dead, but seriously wounded. This is the opening of a well told tale "The Carnival of Death" by J. C. Lenehan (Herbert Jenkins, 7s. 6d.).

GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

FRANCK AND PROKOFIEV

Reviewed by Herbert Hughes

NO two composers, born within a hundred years of each other, could be more dissimilar than César Franck and Serge Prokofiev, and their chance appearance together in the Decca catalogue this month—each represented by a mature and characteristic work—is refreshing. In sensibility and outlook they are as the poles, apart. It is true that Franck had died in Paris a few months before the Russian was born in 1891; but had they been contemporaries, men of the same generation, with all the culture of Europe at hand, so to speak, had Franck been born in the Ekaterinoslaf government and Prokofiev in the Walloon district, it is inconceivable that either would have been greatly different.

Someone once used the expression, "serene anxiety," of the Franckian school; it fitted neatly. Prokofiev is not a big enough man to found a school, even if he was big enough to escape the influence of his master, Rimsky-Korsakov, at an early age. His music is full of cheekiness, of jolly sarcasm, of humour, expressed with a delightful skill, but completely devoid (as I think) of imagination. He seems incapable of long continuous thought. Franck was almost incapable of brevity; all imagination and no humour.

Mystic in the Organ Loft

Yet they are both adorable. Here Franck is represented by two fine discs made by the Lamoureux Orchestra in Paris of the symphonic poem, "Psyche," conducted by Albert Wolff (C.A. 8192-3). It may be that this work, which belongs to the composer's last period, has been performed in London some time within the last quarter of a century, but it has not been my luck to hear it; it is certainly not in the repertory of the leading orchestras. To students of Franck's style it presents the familiar spectacle of the mystic in the organ loft: in this instance treating the pagan myth, in movements or episodes bearing such titles as "The Sleep of Psyche," "Psyche carried away by the Zephyrs," and "The Garden of Eros," as a piece of Christian symbolism.

It is easy to curl a sarcastic lip at an elaborate essay of this quaintly distorted nature; it is easy to say (and we say it too easily to-day about most things) that it isn't snappy enough; but if you are not in a hurried and flurried state of mind you will have to admit that it is a lovely composition, with particularly exquisite passages in the Wagneresque "Psyche and Eros."

If, on the other hand, you are all for snappiness in music as in other things; if you dislike elongated symphonic phrases and sequences; if you like your music curt and spicy—then I recommend you to take to your bosom the two discs Decca have issued of Prokofiev's ballet-suite, "Chout" (C.A. 8188-9). This, too, has been recorded by the Lamoureux under Wolff. Naturally, one loses much of the music's significance in the absence of stage action. But it is the Russian's special gift to be able to make his music entertaining in itself.

MUSIC NOTES

THE STUDY OF INSPIRATION

By Herbert Hughes

DURING the holidays I have been turning over the pages of a curious and elaborate book on music ("Music To-day: Its Heritage from the Past and Legacy to the Future," by John Foulds. Ivor Nicholson & Watson. 10s. 6d.). It is packed with knowledge and with cunning observations on the trend of contemporary art. The author, being a composer, calls his book Op. 92, and it is certainly an *opus* of considerable achievement, even if there are many who will decide that he has attempted too much and left a great deal unexplained.

Briefly, he has been trying to get at a rationale of inspiration by way of a discursive journey through highways and byways of occult science, of mysticism, of psychological and psychic experience. This has naturally involved the use of much metaphysical jargon unfamiliar to the plain music-lover and probably detested by most composers. It becomes pretty forbidding when he finds it necessary to devise a diagram, evolved from an ancient Sanscrit system, showing what he calls the make-up of Man; that is to say,

of what diverse, though interpenetrating spheres his "world" consists, and which of these regions his consciousness is exploring when he contacts those vibrations which he bodies forth for us in his music.

This diagram shows seven "realms of Nature." The two loftiest, Divine and Monadic, are apparently outside man's reach; he cannot, says Mr. Foulds, at the present stage of evolution, "consciously contact" them. But he can, through the medium of his consciousness, range the five lower spheres—the Spiritual, Intuition, Mental, Emotional, and Physical. Each of these is carefully explained, the explanation indicating the "great dividing line between the 'lower' and the 'higher' mind," between the ratiocinative faculty which raises mankind above the brute, and the psychic faculties by which he may commune with the gods.

Vibrations and Repercussions

When one has accepted the divisions and subdivisions with all their interactions and endless subtleties, it is intriguing to follow up the author's conception that "all music to-day is a physical-plane expression of vibrations contacted upon one or other of our postulated five planes." It only becomes dubious when, as he himself admits, certain physical-plane music (such as Honegger's imitation of a locomotive at high speed or Mossolov's machine-room in a factory) sets up repercussions in other parts of our nature, or (he might have added) leaves us stone cold.

To do the author justice, he is not wildly dogmatic; he simply believes implicitly in theories—partly derived from traditional experience, and partly individual—that would require a conference of the world's creative artists to accept as even arguable. Mr. Foulds brings forward some interesting "evidence" from remarks of Galsworthy and A. E. Housman, valuable because of its extreme simplicity.

CINEMA

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL

By Mark Forrest

SINCE the foundation of the London Film Company, Mr. Alexander Korda cannot be accused of producing films which are hackneyed in their treatment, whatever other charges may be levelled against him. Personally, I thought *The Private Life of Henry the Eighth* an interesting expectation, *Catherine the Great* a waste of Elizabeth Bergner and *The Private Life of Don Juan* too difficult for Douglas Fairbanks; but all these three films had the merits of fine photography and excellent production. At his fourth attempt, Mr. Korda has succeeded in using these two assets really effectively.

The Scarlet Pimpernel has been an old favourite on the stage for many years, and those people in this country who go to the theatre at all, must at one time or another, and probably at both, have seen the late Fred Terry and his wife in the parts of Sir Percy and Lady Blakeney. Many must have wondered why such obviously good film material was not put on the screen, but for once the film producers are not to blame; for the late Fred Terry saw to it that nothing should prejudice his triumphal progress from Lady Grenville's ball to the Fisherman's Rest where his duel with the wily Chauvelin leads at last to the defeat of the wretched Frenchman and opens the gates for the future romance of himself and his wife.

The Pimpernel

In the screen version of Baroness Orczy's book, we have Leslie Howard as the "demned elusive Pimpernel;" his performance lacks the gusto which the late Fred Terry put into it, but the sauce is more piquant and the character is equally well sustained. Merle Oberon, as Lady Blakeney, looks well enough, but is hardly as vivacious and captivating as one would expect her to be. Raymond Massey makes Chauvelin more robust than I expected and the fox has given way to the bull. The final scene, however, is played for all it is worth, which is a good deal. The minor parts are all filled satisfactorily.

I have left to the last the best features of this picture—they are the photography of Mr. Rosson, which is splendid, and the production of Mr. Korda. The latter is to be congratulated on his settings. The dialogue has been chosen and embellished with care, so that the picture moves in one key and the cutting is smooth. Altogether a fine piece of work, which parents and their children should alike enjoy during the holidays.

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BROADCASTING

THE MASSACRE OF MUSIC

By Alan Howland

IT has long been a theory of mine that the only successful "B.B.C. Officials" are those who have the mentality and the scope of a Lord High Executioner. Another way of earning a competence at Portland Place is to emulate the idiosyncrasies of our estimable friend Pooh-Bah. Since these are my opinions, I was particularly interested to read Sir Thomas Beecham's attack on a recent programme, though I feel a sense of disappointment at the fact that he selected as his victim an official who could be fairly described as a "Winnie-the-Pooh-Bah."

I find myself in complete agreement with Sir Thomas with regard to this particular item. "Hansel and Gretel," after being pruned by the official snicker-snee, bore practically no resemblance to itself. I cannot think why someone did not make a job of it and "adapt" the title as well. "Humper and Dinkel," by Hanselgret, would be such fun, don't you think? And so frightfully radio-generic!

Bright Boys

The truth is that the executioners at the B.B.C. think, not in terms of programmes but in terms of time. If it should happen that, for some reason or other, a lacuna of forty minutes has to be filled in, one of the bright boys suggests a broadcast of "Hamlet" or "Tristan and Isolde." The idea is acclaimed with ritualistic hand-clapping, exchange of nosegays and a solemn dance round the Maypole, or, in the close season, round Sir John Reith.

Someone—preferably an ex-President of the O.U.D.S. or the cousin of the Director of Fun and Frolic—is told off to "adapt" (Heaven-sent word!) the one or the other until it becomes a microphone entity. Having squeezed the poetry out of the one and the music out of the other he hurls them at the listener as though they were so many custard pies. There follows a further exchange of nosegays, the public reading of a congratulatory letter from a deaf old lady in Accrington who thought she was listening to the Fat Stock Prices, and a slap-up high tea with shrimps at the expense of the Control Board.

In the meantime, two of the Muses have perished. What matter so long as a quart (non-alcoholic) has been squeezed into a pint pot? What matter so long as somebody has gained some publicity? There is one thing we listeners must get into our heads. The mere fact that Shakespeare wrote "Hamlet" is unimportant. The epoch-making event is the radio-generic adaptation by Vera Dunsinane (vide "Macbeth," you chaps), with incidental music arranged, but not composed, by Field Marshal Fothergill. At all costs we must all be microphonic together.

THEATRE NOTES

Clever Work in New Revue

"This Year, Next Year"**Gate Theatre Studio**

What can we say about a sophisticated Revue but that it is sophisticated? For those who like clever satire, bright-lyrics and a healthy disregard of the Censor, this is the sort of thing they will like. And I must confess that I liked it very much indeed.

Norman Marshall has produced this saucy trifle exceptionally well, within the limits of the tiny stage in Villiers Street, and I should like to see him display his obvious talents on a larger scale. It would be unfair and illogical to single out individual performances in a show which depends largely for its success on team work. Mr. Marshall is to be congratulated on a clever piece of work, which I shall hope to see again.

"Inside the Room"**Queen's Theatre**

By Marin Cumberland

It is a pity that the solution of this thriller depended upon the intuition of one of the characters, for so slight an indication of that intuition was given to the audience that I, for one, missed it until it was pointed out in the "explanation" at the end of the play. And this, of course, took the gilt off the gingerbread, as it were, in spite of some very excellent acting by Leonora Corbett as a hard-bitten woman journalist, D. A. Clarke Smith as an explorer, and especially Frank Pettingell as a Detective-Inspector. This last performance was by itself certainly worth the price of admission, although there seemed to be no reason why the author should have made his character come from the North Countree.

Better luck next time, Mr. Cumberland.

Robin Hood and the Babes in the Wood**Victoria Palace Theatre**

This production by Francis Laidler is in the true spirit of Pantomime; good, straightforward humour, charming dresses, and transformation scenes which were not too ambitious in conception. There were some very clever children taking part, especially in the "Doll number" arranged by Bessie Leslie, and Gladys Stanley made a jolly, hearty Robin Hood. The two Babes, Ivor Vintor and Patricia Shaw-Page were unaffected and natural children—Ivor "putting over" his perhaps somewhat precocious lines very cleverly, while Patricia, charming and dainty, "played up" more than adequately.

Billy Nelson and Douglas Wakefield as the bold, bad, wicked Uncles, supplied the slap-stick humour beloved of children, while Mark Daly—as Martha, the village Schoolmistress, made a most admirable "Dame."

The two stories are threaded through the Pantomime well enough to satisfy any but the most exacting.

The Bing Boys Are Here**Alhambra**

In order to make sure that the Bing Boys really were there once more, I took with me to the Alhambra, a young friend of mine in his fifteenth year. For my part I was content to pay court to the Prime Minister of Mirth who lightened so many burdens for me during the war and to bow humbly at the shrine of the Only Girl in the World. Alfred Lester was not there, but happily Rebla was. George Robey, Violet Loraine, Rebla, that was what the Bing Boys meant to me.

It was interesting to find that my young friend, wearing his dinner jacket for the first time, took George and Vi to his heart as enthusiastically as I did myself when I was little more than his age. At the end of the show he stood up and sang the chorus of "The Only Girl in the World" even louder than I did, and that is saying something.

On the way home he agreed with me—or perhaps I should say I agreed with him—that as long as there is a George Robey there will be a robust English Theatre. It made no difference that for me the Bing Boys were there again and that for him the Bing Boys were just there.

"The Ghost Train"**Criterion Theatre**

Arnold Ridley

Once again I had the assistance of my young friend, this time ably assisted by his ten-year-old brother. To say that they were interested would be to put it mildly. Ten years' old was definitely thrilled. They both told me that the more they go to Theatres the less they want to go to films, which I think is interesting. To sum up, we came to the conclusion over a cup of malted milk, that the whole thing was "jolly good" and that Arthur Young, William Freshman, Edna Davies, Laura Smithson, Antony Holles and Marjorie Mars were "absolutely super." And what more can one say?

"The White Headed Boy"**Embassy Theatre**

By Lennox Robinson.

I enjoyed this play every bit as much as when I saw it for the first time some years ago.

Sara Allgood was just the same fussy old "hen," Maire O'Neill the same calculating busybody, and Arthur Sinclair did not seem to have changed by a hair's breadth from his performance in the original production. Some of the other casting was not quite so happy, with the exception of Hazel Hughes as "Delia," but even so the play is capable of transcending the acting.

I do, however, think that my appreciation would have been even greater if some of the male characters had come within striking distance of the standard set by Miss Allgood, Miss O'Neill and Mr. Sinclair.

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MOTORING

A HEALTHY OUTLOOK

By Sefton Cummings

THERE are most encouraging signs of return of prosperity in the figures for the motor trade during the latter half of the year. This is partly reflected in greatly increased sales of motor cycles. One important firm has increased its output every year for the past three years and reports that deliveries for the first part of the 1935 season will be appreciably higher than for the corresponding period last year.

The higher insurance rates for solo machines, which have just come into force, are unfortunate, but they are compensated for by reduced premiums on side car combinations, which results in an increased demand for passenger machines of both the sports and family type.

In the motor car industry prospects have never been better. A famous firm which turned out two thousand cars in 1927 produced over 12,000 last year, and is making preparations to increase its output still further during 1935. The twenty-five per cent. tax reduction is sure to give a fillip to sales and will not be discounted by the increased insurance premiums which have been enforced in certain areas.

Modern Refinements

British cars have now reached such a state of excellence and are sold at so reasonable a figure that, apart from having nothing to fear from foreign competition, they are creating a demand for themselves by their own attractiveness. There is no doubt that in this connection modern refinements such as synchro-mesh gears have done much to add to sales, by removing what was a bugbear to many drivers.

We still have a long way to go before we can be said to be as motor-minded as the Americans; there is only one private car in England to every thirty-seven of the population, compared with one to every seven across the Atlantic.

Yet we are undoubtedly proceeding rapidly towards that goal, though it will take a good many years before it is reached. I make this point not to suggest that the industry will one day find itself unable to expand further, but because, with the tendency for the number of motor vehicles to increase yearly, something will soon have to be done if congestion on the roads is not to rob the motorist of any pleasure and cripple the industry through its very success.

Certainly the Minister of Transport's recent regulations have not tended to make the traffic problem any better. Some streets are now so studded with beacons that if a driver were to slow up at every one of them, as he is supposed to do, he would waste a tremendous amount of time in getting to the other end.

Certainly something should be done to cope with the rush of motor traffic which a little observation of the position tells one is bound to come. No one wants to see pedestrians injured, but the rules regarding crossing places will have to be modified or the congestion will be simply chaotic.

The Empire—Week by Week

EVERYONE is agreed that there could be no happier phrase than that with which His Majesty the King addressed himself on Christmas Day to his subjects all over the Empire.

"The head of this great and widespread family, sharing its life and sustained by its affection."

The vast majority of responsible people in this huge "family" are, one suspects, getting more than a little tired of statutory definitions and of the implications of such things as the famous Statute of Westminster, and of Status and Citizens Acts.

They are thinking to-day more of closer and improved relationships within the "family" and less of the "rights" of particular members to assert their independence. And the very human touch of this Royal Empire message is well calculated to evoke in every patriotic breast feelings of devout thankfulness that in the Crown the Empire possesses a coalescing factor of such immense potentialities.

What's in a Name?

It is a strange and regrettable fact, some people appear to think, that we have no one word whereby we can describe a citizen of the greatest Empire the world has ever seen.

The term "British" (when not coupled with Empire) is usually applied by overseas members of the Empire to the Government and inhabitants of the United Kingdom; they speak of themselves as Australians, Canadians, South Africans, New Zealanders, or if they happen to be white residents in a Crown colony or dependency as Englishmen and, sometimes, "Europeans."

As for the coloured subjects of His Majesty, they have each their own special name, and even in a country like India—about to be initiated by Messrs. MacDonald and Baldwin into all the mysteries of responsible self-government—the great mass of the people do not regard themselves as "Indians," but simply as Hindus, Mahomedans, Sikhs, Jats, Marathas and the like.

So in this vast-spreading heterogeneous Empire of ours there is nothing quite to correspond with the old proud boast "*Civis Romanus sum*."

One can sympathise then with those who would like to invent a name to cover all citizens of the Empire. But is the absence of such a name, after all, so regrettable? Is it not rather typical of the haphazard manner in which this Empire has come into being and grown?

The British Empire has more to offer its members than the Empire of Rome ever had. And if it has no general name for its citizens, what does that matter provided the essential spirit of Empire unity is present to bind and keep us all together?

De Valera's Latest Move

That spirit of unity is conspicuous only by its absence in one part of the Empire, where the Spanish-Irish crossbred de Valera holds sway. Bit by bit the Anglo-Irish Treaty has been torn to shreds; no paper "safeguards" have sufficed to keep de Valera's virulent hatred of Britain in check. He is out to make the Irish

Free State a republic, not only independent, but actually and actively hostile to Britain.

The Hon. Greville Le Poer Trench has already told us in a letter we recently published what is being said by de Valera's henchmen in the United States about his ambition to create in Southern Ireland an aviation base for Germany, when and if that may be needed; and in the Free State coal quota system to be introduced on February 1 we have further proof of de Valera's excessively friendly attitude to the same Power.

This system is designed to make Germany the principal source of the Free State's coal supplies. What the people of the Free State stand to gain by this friendly gesture to Berlin is not a matter that troubles de Valera at all. Coal will inevitably be dearer in Southern Ireland, and Germany, in her present economic and financial condition, obviously is not likely to require the agricultural products that the Free State can supply.

But sufficient unto the day for de Valera that he has discovered yet another way of wreaking his spite on Britain.

Those Indian Safeguards

After our experiences in Ireland one might have thought that Whitehall

would have been chary about erecting another bulwark of paper safeguards in another part of the Empire.

But seemingly the urge to surrender our Imperial heritage is too strong for those hypnotised by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's sentimental philosophy to resist.

In any case it is pathetic to note how one of the staunchest champions in India of White Paper folly—the *Statesman* of Calcutta, to wit—is beginning to scent some of the possible dangers ahead. The Governor-General and the eleven Governors of provinces will clearly have to be supermen, the kind who know by divine instinct just the precise moment when to press the button and let loose this or that Safeguard and blow up this or that part of the constitution!

So the *Statesman* feels constrained to plead to Whitehall to give to India only of England's best! Of course, as the *Statesman* knows only too well, some of those eleven Governors will have to be Indians, and if anything is certain it is that India as a gubernatorial career will not appeal to the class of Englishman the *Statesman* so earnestly desires to see appointed. What then will be the fate of the poor Safeguards—with no one to love and cherish them—not even Ramsay MacDonald?

Idealism in Practice

Our idealist constitution-makers try to deceive themselves into thinking that they are bringing happiness and contentment to the peoples of the countries for whom they are legislating.

All that really happens is that they confer power on a small section of vast communities to exercise responsibilities in such manner as seems to them best. In other words, the politicians are free to look after themselves and their friends and neglect everything else.

That is precisely what has been happening in Ceylon. One of the first acts of the State Council was to pass a law (which in the interests of the Colony's solvency had subsequently to be disallowed by the Governor's veto)

Imperial Opinions

An Australian Guards regiment would inspire more inter-Imperial hatred than a hundred Test matches.—Bulletin (Sydney).

The Dominions expect of the Mother Country a definite obligation for their safety, and the ties of blood as well as of interest make it impossible for them to see her go down even in a quarrel remote from their shores.—West Australian (Perth).

South Africa is the most prosperous country in the world to-day. Our main task is to find the right way of using a prosperity we have already got.—Rand Daily Mail (Johannesburg).

"Do not forget that you are just as much members of the Empire as English children."—Duke of Gloucester to New Zealand children.

"South Africans should be Imperialists because—it is so plain—the Empire is the greatest factor for peace in the world to-day."—Sir Carruthers Beattie at Capetown.



Picton, which the Duke of Gloucester will be visiting this Saturday by warship, is a small town with a beautiful harbour at the head of Queen Charlotte Sound in the extreme north of the South Island of New Zealand. From here he starts his overland tour of the South Island.

cancelling debts, many of the Councillors being judgment debtors! And more recently the State Council rejected a mosquito ordinance intended to arm the Medical Department against malaria epidemics. Sanitation is just one of those things that don't appeal to Eastern politicians, and if there was money to be spent, naturally they argued that their own pet schemes had to have first call upon it.

The result of the State Council's action has been a frightful malaria epidemic which has affected about half a million people and which has had to be met by hasty and expensive emergency measures. Truly a glorious example of how the masses have to suffer in order that they may realise the blessings of responsible self-government!

Empire Tobaccos

By "Blanche"

SINCE Ottawa and the granting of a preference of roughly 2s. per pound on Empire grown tobacco, the industry has received a much needed fillip, even if the visions of hope raised in the breasts of the Empire grower have not entirely been fulfilled.

He has had to face competitors, expert to the last degree in picking and packing and well hedged in behind highly organised interests. Also, the same seed grown in a different soil has a slightly different flavour, and this fact has been cleverly exploited against the Empire brands.

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That the argument against their flavour is largely prejudice is suggested by a Canadian commercial journal's comment that "during the coupon war, in order to produce a cheap cigarette which could carry a premium in the form of a coupon, the majority of the companies resorted to Empire tobaccos, which, with their tariff preference, could be purchased at a lower price than foreign competitors."

In other words, we have, many of us, been smoking Empire tobaccos—quite unconscious of the fact!

Empire tobacco is being largely used for pipe smoking and the Empire cigarette is now appearing timidly on the market, but not in such large quantities as one might hope. Excellent brands of Empire cigarettes are made up and blended by such great Stores as Army & Navy, Civil Service and Harrods, and by several other tobacco firms.

The total imports of tobacco into the U.K. for 1933 were:—

Empire grown	49 million lbs.
Foreign	211 million lbs.

Thus as America is by far the largest importer into Britain, she still controls the British market. It is interesting to note that while there is a 2/- preference on Empire tobacco, the tax on American tobacco is still 2/- lower than the tax she levels on tobacco imported into America. If this were equalised and a preference of 4/- granted to Empire tobacco, a great Empire trade would be encouraged and prosperity to our own growers.

Meanwhile, though the general consumption of tobacco increases, its production increases still more and prices become lower still.

When one realises the Rhodesian grower averages 9d. per pound on his tobacco, getting sometimes as low as

BRITISH

4d. per lb., one knows that it is only a great effort on our part can save him from yet another year of grave financial difficulty.

The Princes and Federation

By Sir Michael O'Dwyer

THE Joint Committee, in para. 154 of the Majority Report, lay down that "the accession of an Indian State to the Federation cannot take place otherwise than by the voluntary act of the Ruler. There can be no question of compulsion so far as the States are concerned."

Major Courtauld's speech in the Indian Debate showed that in his recent visit to several of the Princes in India he was convinced, as are many others, that undue pressure was being exercised upon them to secure their

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adhesion to an all-India Federation, which is the keystone of the Government's Reform scheme, but which many of the Princes—since they have realised its implications—have come to regard with increasing disfavour.

Their views were voiced by the late Chancellor of the Princes' Chamber (the Jam Sahib of Nawanagar) when, in addressing the Viceroy in March, 1933, he said:

"The present scheme is dangerous alike to the States and the British connection. The kind of Federation of which in 1930 our representative Princes (four or five out of several hundred) signified their PROVISIONAL acceptance was very different indeed from the kind of Federation that NOW holds the field."

The present Chancellor, on the 22nd October last, announced that the Princes would only come into a Federation "if guarantees for their internal sovereignty which they consider essential for safeguarding their future are provided."

Now those guarantees are based on Treaties and engagements with the Crown and Parliament and can only be secured to them by that authority. The Joint Committee's proposals whittle down the authority of the Crown and Parliament almost to a shadow, for the whole civil administration is transferred to the control of Indian Legislatures, Central and Provincial, with certain safeguards, which, experience proves, will in practice be futile.

Thus Parliament, if this scheme goes through, will be depriving itself of its power to fulfil its obligations to maintain the internal sovereignty of the Princes. Indeed the authors of the scheme expect the Princes to supply in future the elements of stability hitherto supplied by the Crown and Parliament, in fact to take up the rôle

EMPIRE

vis à vis the Congress and other subversive forces in India, which we are running away from!

The Congress extremists make no secret of the fact that after getting rid of the British Government, their next step will be to settle accounts with those "Medieval anachronisms," the Indian States; and the Congress in the recent elections have won more than half the seats in the all-India Legislature, which in future is to take the place of the British Parliament.

No wonder the Princes are full of apprehension, as His Highness the Maharaj Rana of Ihallawar stated in a London paper on 27th November:—

"With the great majority of the Princes there has been a growing apprehension that the Federal scheme would rob us of our present strength, prestige and status. Those who wish to use the Princes as a convenience in their attempts to placate the demands of aggressive democracy in British India will be taking a great risk."

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Empire Diary

Jan. 9—3 p.m. Royal Society of Arts: Lantern Lecture by Major Radclyffe Dugmore on "Camera Hunting in the Canadian wilds."

Jan. 10—12.45 for 1 p.m. Hotel Victoria, Northumberland Avenue: Luncheon of Welcome to Messrs. C. W. A. Scott and T. Campbell Black (winners of Australian Air Race). Tickets 6s. 6d. each. Closing date January 8.

Jan. 11—8.15 p.m. Overseas League, Vernon House: Illustrated Lecture by Mrs. H. M. Lidderdale on the "History and Romance of Tea, 1618—1934."

Jan. 15—4.30 p.m. Caxton Hall, Westminster: East India Association, Sir Reginald Craddock will read a paper on the Joint Select Committee's India Report. A discussion will follow.

The Princes have seen how easy it is for well organised hostile organisations, such as the Congress, to stir up trouble in their States by working on real or fancied grievances or by a campaign of vilification in a venal press.

Hitherto they could rely on the support of the British Government to help them against unjust and unscrupulous attacks. But when the British Government has parted with its power to an all-Indian Legislature, in which to-day the Congress, standing for the severance of the British connection and the "liquidation" of the States, is dominant, they will look to it in vain.

They will be at the mercy of the "aggressive democracy" (so-called) of British India, and once again we shall have betrayed those who had been our staunch supporters in every crisis.

Fortunately it is still in the power of the Princes to save the situation by refusing to adhere to the Federation. But to make that decision they must show courage and unity.

Commonwealth and Secession

By Geoffrey Tebbutt

MUCH interest has been aroused in West Australia's case for secession from the Australian Commonwealth by the vigour of the State's delegation in the prosecution of their mission. Considering how remote the question was from the mind of the average Englishman, the attention given to it by the Press of London and the provinces has been remarkable.

THE INDIA DEFENCE LEAGUE APPEALS

for the support of all patriotic people in its
struggle to defend our Indian Empire from
becoming a second Ireland!

For information apply to: The Chief Organiser
INDIA DEFENCE LEAGUE
48, Broadway, Westminster, London, S.W.1



Mr. D. JAMES DAVIES, C.B.E., Trade Commissioner for Newfoundland, was born at Llangelier in Carmarthenshire in 1880. He was educated at University College, Cardiff, where he obtained the degree of B.Sc. in Metallurgical Science in 1903. He was appointed Fellow of the Institute of Chemistry in 1920 and Government Chemist, Newfoundland, 1911-1930. He acted as High Commissioner in London from 1930-1933, and was Chairman of the Salt Codfish Exportation Board in Newfoundland during 1933-34. On the formation of the Newfoundland Commission the High Commissioner's office in London was changed to that of Trade Commissioner and Mr. Davies returned to London to take charge of it in July 1934.

London to take charge of it in July 1934.

While there is, as yet, no specific "anti-secession" campaign in this country, the Commonwealth is not surveying with equanimity the activities of the secessionists. Their leader here—Sir Hal Colebatch, Agent-General for West Australia—is deservedly respected by those who, on this issue, are his opponents. He is the only active Australian political representative in London who, in experience and brain-power, can be compared with Mr. S. M. Bruce, the Commonwealth High Commissioner.

The Commonwealth is biding its time. The only recent evidence of Commonwealth anti-secession propaganda was the simultaneous publication in several Conservative journals of an apparently officially-inspired statement that, in the view of the Federal authority, it would be unconstitutional for the Parliament of the United Kingdom to consider or discuss the subject-matter of West Australia's petition for secession. The Commonwealth Parliament alone is competent to deal with this matter.

That, of course, is the corner-stone of the Commonwealth's defence against West Australia's claim to have her case dealt with by the Imperial Parliament. The secessionists have got to the point of a recommendation by the Committee on Public Petitions that a Select Committee of the Commons should consider the receivability of West Australia's petition. The Commonwealth's next moves will depend upon the actions of the proposed Select Committee.

Federal circles have their doubts as to how far the secessionists will be able to go in securing a thorough investigation of their case at Westminster. They attach a good deal of importance to the intervention of Lord Hailsham in the House of Lords. In view of the importance of the constitutional issues raised, he asked their Lordships not to go farther into the matter until the new session. There is a feeling among Commonwealth authorities that Lord Hailsham is going to produce something this month of considerable weight from their point of view.

The Canadian Outlook

"AN increasing volume of commerce between Canada and other Empire nations" is noted as a factor in Canada's steady economic recovery by President E. W. Beatty, of the Canadian Pacific Railway, in his Annual Review issued on January 1.

Mr. Beatty notes that Great Britain is taking the lead in world-recovery, and recognises that this is the more encouraging because of Canada's "close economic as well as political dependence on the Mother Country."

Pointing out that the purchasing power of the Canadian people is increasing, Mr. Beatty records his belief that during 1935 "the transportation industry and the affairs of the Canadian Pacific Railway will show a reasonable degree of recovery."

"More than that" he says "will depend upon a settlement of the railway problem."

In that statement Mr. Beatty indicates the vital bearing upon the Canadian economic situation of the condition in that country by which a vast nationally owned railway system, burdened with a public debt of almost astronomical proportions, operates beside the equally extensive but much longer established privately owned system of the Canadian Pacific, which has for over half a century been self-supporting in its service to Canada.

The problem is an ever-pressing one, but Mr. Beatty gives the assurance that "proposals for its solution along the lines of unified management for the two great companies have made decided progress."

Jubilee Plans

New Coins to be Struck

NEW coins will be struck and special stamps issued to commemorate the Silver Jubilee. The design for the coins has not yet been revealed, but it will probably take the form of the King's head on the usual heads side, and the Queen's head on the reverse.

Numismatists and philatelists are awaiting the Jubilee issues with eagerness, for not since the days of Queen Victoria has Jubilee been celebrated.

There are some grumbles from railway and shipping interests at the slowness of the Government in making a definite announcement of plans for the Jubilee celebrations. It is certain that Jubilee week is going to be on a scale unparalleled in the history of the present century, and the transport companies want to know what arrangements they are to make to bring over the thousands of Dominion, Colonial and foreign visitors.

From inquiries I made this week, it is certain that bookings have already been considerable. A party of 400 people will be coming from Canada alone, apart from hundreds of smaller parties. The London hotels are already nearly booked up—at least two have no more space available for Jubilee week.

A few items on the Jubilee programme have trickled out. That there will be a grand military display we know, because the pacifists have already started their endless idiotic arguments against any show of military force. What the public is waiting for now is the programme as a whole.

EMPIRE ARRIVALS

Mr. D. W. A. Barker (Wellington, N.Z.) recently arrived to take up duty in the Finance Department at New Zealand House.

Professor S. H. Frankel, Professor of Economics at the University of the Witwatersrand, accompanied by Mrs. Frankel, has reached Italy on an extended visit to Europe.

Mr. H. E. Mitchell, Chief Secretary for Tanganyika, and Mrs. Mitchell, who have been visiting relatives in the Union, are spending the remainder of their holiday in England.

Among visitors from South Africa who have recently arrived are:—Dr. J. Crawford, the Rev. A. W. Hodgetts and Mrs. Hodgetts, the Rev. L. W. Turner and Mrs. Turner (from Port Harcourt), Capt. E. J. N. Bowles, Mr. A. R. Dewar, Mr. A. J. Morris, A.M.I.E.E., and Mrs. Morris (from Lagos), Mr. M. Crombie-Steedman, Mr. A. C. Russell and Mr. E. Child (from Accra), Mr. J. L. Crozier, Major-Gen. W. W. H. Grey, C.B., C.M.G., Dr. J. F. Southward (from Takoradi), the Rev. Father A. Mathews (from Monrovia), Capt. F. R. Ellis (from Freetown), Captains D. G. Griffiths and V. E. H. Sinclair.

Australian visitors to London include:—Mr. E. E. Forth, a Brisbane merchant, and his two daughters; Mr. O. H. Cropper, a pastoralist from Willow Tree, N.S.W., with his wife and family; Captain C. B. Dawkins, Royal Australian Artillery, who is to take a course at the Staff College, Camberley; Flight-Lieut. G. W. Boucher, Royal Australian Air Force, to take an armament course with the R.A.F.; Flight-Lieut. F. R. W. Scherger, who is to attend the R.A.F. Staff College; and Miss Violet Tivey, daughter of Major-General Tivey, of Melbourne.

Recent visitors from Rhodesia include Messrs. J. Read (Salisbury); O. B. Medley (Bindura); R. H. J. Horwood (Bindura); C. F. Allen (Salisbury); E. B. Law (Salisbury); F. T. James (Bulawayo); H. H. Morley Wright (Marandellas); Major J. W. Watson (Salisbury).

EMPIRE CORRESPONDENCE

Black versus White in East Africa

SIR,—With reference to the article under the above heading in your "Empire week by week" issue of December 29th, the author has touched on a number of examples which show the lack of firm justice and the weakness of the Governments in both Kenya and Tanganyika.

This weakness is mainly due to their anxiety to placate those politicians and others at home who, never having left the shores of England, constitute themselves the "protectors" of the "poor African savage" whom they have never seen outside Olympia, and who view with distrust every Briton who is struggling against odds they have no conception of to establish our African Colonies.

The fundamental mistake made by these possibly well intentioned but very ignorant people, is that they cannot realise that the white man, if he hopes to make a success of his enterprise, can only do so by the strictest justice and consideration for the natives in his employ, and others he may come in touch with.

Throughout the history of our Empire success has been due to the justice and integrity of our British representatives, official, soldier and settler; justice and integrity of a degree that present day civilised governments, municipalities etc. can scarcely be expected to understand.

We made India, and held it, by the prestige which was created and maintained by every Briton in the country from Viceroy to private soldier. At the end of the War, when our prestige in the world was at its highest, it had begun to wane in India, and has never recovered, owing to the weakness and mistakes of politicians who could not understand.

But justice is independent of colour, and with native races must be firm and consistent; leniency and legal quibbles are merely looked upon as fear and weakness, and lead to failure, unrest, and bloodshed.

"Killed by a Lion!"

The case of the Samburu in Kenya, referred to by Mr. Cleland Scott, was really far worse than he implied. Three years ago young Mr. Powys, an excellent lad, loved by everyone, black and white, was visiting his sheep in the uninhabited country near the Northern Game Reserve. One day his pony returned riderless to his camp, and his native servants brought the news to the nearest settler's farm. After two days' search his remains, less the head, were found by some of the settlers who had come 40 to 50 miles to hunt for him.

The serious fact that has not been made public is that several of these settlers were men that lived in constant touch with lions that raided their cattle, and also knew the neighbouring Samburu tribe. When they found the remains they declared that "this was no lion kill;" they were experts and certain invariable signs were missing.

None the less the Police and Government adhered to the theory that Powys was the victim of a lion, and scouted the idea that the Samburu were responsible; so no steps were taken at the time to investigate the matter further.

After three years, during which the settlers in the neighbourhood believed, and most natives knew that Powys had been murdered, evidence came to light that led to the arrest and trial of certain Samburu. To the ordinary man the evidence was quite conclusive, and was clearly supported by Samburu witnesses as well as by other natives of the N'Derobo tribe.

It appears from information I received from Kenya last week that there was not a man in the Court or outside it that was not satisfied that the accused were guilty. But Government had allowed three years to elapse, native memories are weak, and that made it difficult for the accused to prove or invent a satisfactory *alibi*! So they

were acquitted, and it was evident to all natives that the charms of their witch doctors, who had guaranteed immunity to the murderers, were more potent than the "justice" of the White man. And they were probably right, when that justice is tempered, not with mercy, but with cringing fear of disapproval and misrepresentation at home.

Another example of futile, weak-kneed government occurred in Kenya some five years ago. A young settler named Kenyon was murdered in most brutal circumstances at a time when there was some unrest among the Kikuyu tribe, fomented it was believed by "graduates" from Moscow.

The European police acted promptly and well, and brought two out of the three murderers to trial, and they were convicted and sentenced to death. The local settlers requested the Government to have the murderers hanged, as an example, at the small township where the crime was committed, as otherwise the Kikuyu would never believe that they had been hanged.

This Government refused to do, and also refused to allow members of the tribe to be brought to Nairobi to witness the execution.

Months passed; it was said that Government were waiting for Colonial Office approval for the hanging! At long length, in January, the local District Commissioner revealed at a settlers' meeting that he had heard from the Governor of Nairobi jail that the two murderers had been hanged in November!

The chief or only object of capital punishment is that it may act as a deterrent; in this case the hanging was carefully hidden by Government, and no mention of it was even allowed in the Press. To this day the Kikuyu do not believe that those men were hanged, nor have they been taught that under the White man's law murderers must suffer death.

A. G. ARBUTHNOT.

Gothenby, Bridgewater.

Children Blinded by Spanish Communists

SIR,—It is reported from Spain that some thirty children were blinded by Reds because their fathers were Civil Guards holding out at various places in and near Oviedo in the Asturias against the dynamiters who blew up the old cathedral and other priceless buildings in addition to killing priests and nuns as part of the "godless campaign."

One wonders if Moscow approves of the handiwork of its emissaries in Spain in subverting what was a few years ago the most sincerely Catholic race in Europe.

CASTILIAN.

"What is the Difference?"

SIR,—Under the above heading in your issue of December 22, you refer to a letter to the Press signed by Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. Julian Huxley, and myself expressing indignation at the execution of Communists in Bulgaria, and you ask why we do not concern ourselves about the wholesale executions in Russia.

The answer is that on December 19th we sent a strong letter of protest to the Press in regard to the executions in Russia. As Mr. Wells was just leaving for the Continent, the letter he signed was in slightly different terms from that signed by Mr. Huxley, myself, and others, but the purport was the same.

You also ask if we have "ever uttered a word of adverse criticism on any Russian atrocities." Speaking for myself, I answer that, in writing and speaking within the last fourteen years, I have repeatedly uttered such criticism, and within the last fortnight, in regard to the recent renewal of executions in Russia, I have taken the strongest means that any unofficial British

subject can take to bring my protest before the Russian authorities.

I hope you will think that this statement sufficiently answers your questions.

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

4, Downside Crescent, N.W.3.

Congratulations and Good Wishes

SIR,—I wish you and the *Saturday Review* increased success in 1935.

You are doing yeoman's service to the cause of "The Right" and I hope and trust that ere the year is out, Ramsay's Political Scalp will be nailed to the wall over your desk.

Carry on!

WILLIAM F. BLOOD.

101, Wymering Mansions,
Maida Vale, W.9.

British Troops in the Saar

SIR,—An interesting and important point arises with the employment of British troops in the Saar. They are described as "part of an International force," controlled by the League of Nations.

Mr. Knox, although an Englishman, is the servant of the League of Nations and not of this country. The statement by Sir John Simon in the House just prior to the Christmas Recess on the subject of the Saar Police, makes it clear that those who are now being employed for the preservation of order, are for the time being not the servants of a national authority.

Though the Commander of the International force is an Englishman, and an officer of the British Army, he is for the time being the servant of the League of Nations, subject to its direction and authority and not presumably to that of the British Government.

Neither this officer, nor the British regiments were formally "lent," nor has there been any notification in *The London Gazette* as has been usual in the past when British officers have been lent for service outside the direct authority of the British Crown.

A further point of interest obviously ensues, namely, the question of Loyalty and of Oath of Allegiance to the Crown or the League of Nations. The Crown and the League of Nations are obviously not the same thing. And coupled with this arises the question as to whether, in the event of disorder, especially that created by the agent provocateur, British officers and soldiers will have the right to determine whether they will act, including the taking of warlike measures, on behalf of the policy of the League, or whether they will first have the right to assure themselves that such action has the support of

the country to whom their Oath of Allegiance has been given.

It is, of course, well known that there is a large body of opinion, represented throughout the country, in the Press and in political parties, which is, if not very much opposed to the League of Nations, highly apprehensive of its present construction and policies.

There can be little doubt that among the troops in the Saar such apprehensions may be shared by a number of officers and men. I suggest, therefore, that their position should be made quite clear.

GRAHAM SETON HUTCHISON, N.S.

Berrystead, St. Peter's Road,
St. Albans.

The Conservative Leader

SIR,—I apologise for trespassing upon your time and space, but I feel I must draw your attention to the following quotation from that Famous Beast Epic, "Reynard the Fox," edition by Joseph Jacobs, done into pictures by Calderon (Macmillan 1895, p. 188).

"For an ass is an ass and was born to eat thistles; and where asses govern, there order is never observed, . . . ; yet sometimes they are advanced, the more is the pity."

I refrain from giving the ass his proper name, for fear of hurting the sensitive feelings of that great Patriot and Imperial Statesman, the noble, brave, fearless Leader of the Conservative Party.

ALEX. C. SCRIMGOUR.

Honer Farm, Chichester.

Smokeless Fuel for Domestic Fires

SIR,—The evidence that smokeless fuel, petrol and fuel oil are all being successfully produced from Yorkshire coal on a commercial scale at Askern is certainly reassuring from the point of view of our national defences.

The Services grow more and more dependent upon petrol and fuel oil and in time of war torpedo planes would certainly make the passage of oil tankers with overseas supplies hazardous, if not impossible; while those who speak of reserve stocks may be reminded that the last war went on for more than four years.

If every citizen would only burn smokeless fuel instead of raw coal there would be released as by-products a very valuable contribution of petrol and fuel oil to the country's defences.

P. MACDONALD, Lt.-Col.

24, Earls Court Road, W.8.

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PROPERTIES

EDINBURGH.—Superior Mansion Flats with private entrance drive and sunny gardens. SELECT TWO-FLATTED VILLAS, ideal situation and exposure. Preserved amenity. Central.—A. WALKER MILLAR, F.S.I., 61, Queen Street. Telegrams: "Property."

SALMON FISHING to LET, Slane Castle water, River Boyne, opening February 12th, 1935. Over 300 salmon last season. —Particulars from Dowager Marchioness Conyngham, Slane Castle, Meath, Ireland.

Railway Earnings Prospects

(By Our City Editor)

TO estimate the net revenues of the Home Railways for the year on the strength of the gross traffic receipts and the statements for the first half of the year is a difficult task, for the gross earnings figures do not take into account "ancillary receipts," and from the statement of net revenues issued for the first half of the year it is therefore not even possible to calculate a correct ratio of net revenue to gross receipts and use such a calculation on the gross figures for the second half of the year. However, in the case of the L.M.S. we have the knowledge that the dividends on the four per cent. preference stock and on the five per cent. redeemable preference are to be paid in full, as the stocks rank together, and payment has been declared on the latter, which received only $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. last year. Net revenue for the first half of the year was £1,000,000 up, but it does not appear that much more than £300,000 will represent the increase for the second half of the year. The additional preference dividends absorb £655,000, and it therefore becomes a question of what payment will be possible on the 1923 preference stock, the full 4 per cent. on which costs £1,600,000, so that a dividend of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is apparently a possibility. The stock is priced around 51 so that it has a chance of capital appreciation on future dividend possibilities.

Only half the full rates of dividend were paid last year on the North-Eastern first preference stocks, and net revenue for the first half of this year increased by only £686,000. It does not appear likely that the gross increase for the year will much exceed £900,000, but this would go a long way to making up the full dividends on the first preference stocks. To pay 1 per cent. on the second preference would require £660,000, and at 31 the stock is largely speculative, but, compared with the ordinary stocks, the second preference is cheap. One can only think that the ordinary and deferred stocks are over-valued, apart from the attractions purely to the speculator. Assuming the full dividends on the first preference stock, the yield at 75 would be over 5 per cent., while the redeemable preference would yield nearly $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. flat.

Westerns and Southern

G.W.R. paid 3 per cent. on the ordinary stock, though actually the 5 per cent. preference dividend was not fully earned. The transfer from reserves necessary was £1,350,000 and, even if the net

revenue increased by £500,000 this year, a generous figure, the maintenance of the ordinary dividend still depends upon the Board's policy in keeping the company's prior stocks in the full Trustee list.

The Southern's showing for the first half of the year was not up to expectations, net revenue being only £90,000 up. The preferred ordinary stock received 3 per cent. last year, and an increase of at least $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is likely this year, so that the stock at 80 gives promise of a further rise.

Prudential Profits Division

Changes in the Articles of the Prudential Assurance Company are proposed in order to simplify the present arrangement for the division of profits among policy-holders in the Industrial branch, the outdoor staff and the "A" shareholders. It is proposed that one-tenth of the profits of the ordinary branch remaining after nine-tenths have been allocated to policy-holders shall be distributed directly to the "A" shareholders. Of the Industrial branch profits, after providing for the contingency funds, £360,000 free of tax will go to the "A" shareholders, or about 5s. 9d. per share. Of the remainder, 75 per cent. goes to the policy-holders and $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. each to the outdoor staff and the "A" shareholders. Dividends on the "A" shares will in future be paid in interim (September) and March, the interim not exceeding 5s. tax-free per share. Previously, quarterly dividends have been paid on the "A" shares.

The effect of the changes is to give Industrial branch policyholders an increase in the fixed percentage of the profits of the branch divisible among them, while the distributions to the "A" shareholders and the outdoor staff become more dependent upon the actual distributable profits of the Industrial branch in any year. The distribution of the General branch profits is not affected, these being distributable as to 75 per cent. to the "B" shares, and 25 per cent. to the "A" shares. It is expected that the present tax-free dividend of 10s. per share will be replaced by the one-tenth share of the Ordinary branch profits with the fixed sum payable from Industrial branch profits. Assuming profits to be at last year's level the shareholders and the outdoor staff are expected to receive practically the same amount as before, while increased benefits will accrue to Industrial branch policyholders.

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Proof of the Cold Cure

Tribute from a Nurse

MY LADY,

I have been a children's nurse for the last fifteen years and I thought I knew most of the remedies for such regular maladies as coughs and colds. I knew, of course, that there were colds and colds—some that lasted only a few days and some which it was exceedingly difficult to shake off. The latter class appeared to be part of the burden that mankind had inevitably to bear; one had to accept such things as the decrees of Fate and put up with them as best one could.

Your cold cure suggests that this fatalistic attitude is all wrong. And having tried your cure on a friend who seemed to be in for a cold of the prolonged kind and having seen for myself the truly wonderful results of that cure I find myself now thoroughly converted to your point of view that any kind of cold can be cured if it is taken in hand at once and the victim is prepared to dose himself or herself with medicines that are perhaps not over-pleasant.

Your ladyship deserves the thanks of the public at large for the trouble you have taken in giving so much publicity to this remarkable cure.

LEONORA CASTLETON.

Windsor Road, Palmer's Green, N.13.

New Year Blessing

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,

Your cold cure will be a blessing to thousands to whom January and February are generally months of misery. With its aid I have just recovered, in record time, from a really bad chill, and will you please accept my best New Year wishes?

(Miss) VERA SIMMS.

South Benfleet, Essex.

Terror Banished

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,

Colds in the winter have for many years been my terror. As my business is a one-man business, I cannot afford to be away from my office; every day's absence means a serious diminution of my not very large income. So in the past when I felt a cold coming on I was literally in despair. Now that I have sampled your cure and found out how wonderfully effective it is my old terror has disappeared. I feel now that even if I get another cold, I know how to get rid of it within the space of a few hours or a week-end.

For this great relief many, many thanks.

GEORGE TREVOR GORDON.

Streatham Common, London.

Astonished and Elated

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,

May I offer you my sincere gratitude both for your invigorating articles in the *Saturday Review* and for your really excellent cold cure? The first banish all depression produced by a contemplation of the present parlous state of British politics; the second is a sure shield and protector against that fearsome malady to which residents in this very changeable climate of ours are so subject. Your cure drove away the cold I had acquired last week with a speed that left me both astonished and highly elated.

My best wishes and sincere thanks to Your Ladyship.

HENRY JAMES THOMPSON.

Belsize Avenue, N.W.3.

A Sceptic Converted

MADAM,

I had a terrible cold last week and didn't know how to cure it. I tried all sorts of remedies suggested by relatives and friends, all without the slightest effect on my cold.

Then somebody told me about your cure and I carefully read your instructions as published in the *Saturday Review*.

Being rather desperate about my cold I am afraid I was not too hopeful about being cured in the wonderful manner in which other sufferers have written to tell you that they have been cured.

But I am no longer sceptical about the effectiveness of the remedies you suggest. I was very soon rid of this distressing cold and I can only say that I am more than grateful to you for your cure. CHARLES THORNTON.
Sherard Road, Eltham, S.E.9.

Prejudice Conquered

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,

I am a regular reader of the *Saturday Review*, and, if I may say so, a great admirer of your Ladyship and of the magnificent patriotism that inspires all your actions and utterances.

But when I came to read of your cold cure I shuddered at your prescriptions. Castor oil—oil in any form—is my abomination, and I remember saying to my husband—I was then very fit—"no cold could be as bad as that remedy."

About a week later I contracted one of the very worst colds I have ever had in my life, and at last I was driven by my distraught husband to sample your cure. I rebelled against it as long as I could, but at last my resolution broke down. And, though even with the orange, I hated the oil and had the taste of it for a long time, the cure certainly worked wonders.

My cold was completely gone in two days. For this I owe your Ladyship my profound thanks.

EMILY CARRUTHERS.

High Street, Guildford.

Lucky Chance

MADAM,

I write to thank you for your cold cure. One of my lady customers told me about it when she came to have her dress fitted. I had one of my regular colds and nothing I have tried before this has ever done me much good. The cold just takes its course.

But I tried your cure and it certainly removed my cold this time. I shall try it again when I get another cold.

(Miss) CAROLINE HAWTHORNE.

Westmorland Road, Bayswater.

More Cures Wanted

MY LADY,

If you were a doctor you would have been struck off the rolls for imparting your valuable cold cure to the public in general. Why does the B.M.A. try to suppress knowledge which should be freely circulated?

More power to your elbow. Have you any other cures up your sleeve?

LEONARD MARTIN.

Chalkwell Park-avenue, Westcliff-on-Sea.

A Canadian's Thanks

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,

I have only been just over a month in England, and when I came over from Montreal I did not think I need have much fear of an English winter. Certainly I haven't noticed much snap in the air; it has been mostly rain, mist or fog, and rather sultry to one used to ice and snow.

However, if I haven't exactly felt cold over here, I have managed to acquire a very good English cold of the sniffing and coughing variety. Fortunately for me one of my English friends put me on to your cold cure before this cold of mine could develop to its full force; and the remedy proved remarkably efficacious. My cold only lasted for a few days and now I feel myself again and am very grateful to you for curing me. Otherwise, I might have fled back in panic to Canada, leaving unseen all the things I had made up my mind to see in old England.

MARY MACPHERSON.

Kingston-on-Thames.